THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

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"UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which all religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles; comprehending LITERATURE, CRITICISM, MEN and MANNERS, AMUSEMENT, elegant EXTRACTS, POETRY, ANECDOTES, BIOGRAPHY, METHOROLOGY, the DRAMA, ARTS and SCIENCES, WIT and SATIRE, FASHIONS, NATURAL HISTORY, &c. forming a handsome ANNUAL VOLUME, with an INDEX and TITLE-PAGE. *Its circulation renders it a most eligible medium for Advertisements.*—Regular supplies are forwarded weekly to the Agents, viz.

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Gymnasia.

GYMNASTIC RECREATIONS.

Exercise is as necessary to promote animal health, strength, and existence, as motion is essential to prevent the stagnation of the ocean, which, if not constantly agitated and impelled by the action of the winds and the tides, would soon become a vast putrid and feculent pool, impassable by man, and uninhabitable by any other species of animal.

Life and motion are, indeed, so inseparably connected, that whenever the latter wholly ceases in the animal frame, the former becomes extinct.

For our own parts, we have long been so impressed with the utility and necessity of manly and athletic sports, that, some years ago, we devoted full two hours of each day to the fascinating and useful exercise of fencing, a recreation which, as Shakspeare says, is "a very feather in the cap of youth, yet needful too."

It is not a little singular, that although Liverpool has rapidly improved in almost every other respect, and although its population has, within a few years, increased in an extraordinary degree, our townsmen have retrograded in gymnastic pursuits. About twenty-five years ago there was a most respectable fencing academy here, with about thirty pupils; but since Mr. Ferdinando left the town, fencing has been so much on the decline, that no master of the use of the foil exclusively has found it worth his while to settle here, unless he combined the use of the single stick with fencing. At the period to which we have just adverted, public exhibitions with the foil were not uncommon; and we have ourselves, on several occasions, entered the lists, in the presence of three or four hundred spectators.

At that period a public tennis court was also pretty well attended, and there were several minor fives courts, which were also kept up with spirit: the tennis court, however, was converted into a cotton-store, which has since been burnt down to the ground; and there is not, we believe, a single ball-court in the town.

We regret the supineness of our townsmen, in respect to gymnastics, having ourselves long experienced the beneficial effects of active and spirit-stirring games, which have a direct tendency to produce that most desirable result,

"*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

As connected with the moral and physical improvement of our countrymen, it is particularly to be wished that public places for exercise and recreation were provided on a large scale, in the immediate vicinity of the town, where a great variety of manly games might be enjoyed. Amongst these we would have foot-races, leaping, wrestling, quoits, trap, cricket, and foot-ball, which, under proper regulations, is a noble game, unattended with danger. If it could be absolute for a day, as one of the emperors in the fabulous eastern tales was supposed to be, we should have a busy time of it; and, amongst the uses we should make of our power, would be the establishment of such play-grounds, for the people, as we have just named. We should, however, establish one peremptory and irrevocable law,—nothing in the shape of gambling should be tolerated in our gymnasia; neither should the demoralizing habit of prize-fighting be practised by any one who enjoyed the privilege of the establishment, on pain of exclusion; nor should any person be permitted the use of the grounds who was a frequenter of bull or bear-baits, the cock-pit, or any other place where wanton cruelty to animals, in any shape, was permitted. An eminent writer says,—"*Il faut des spectacles pour le peuple Romain*," and so it is with every other nation. If people have no opportunity of resorting to innocent amusements or exercises, they will have recourse to such as are of a different description, if they are within their reach; and hence we must account for the frequency of boxing matches, brought into fashion by a gang of prize-fighters, who, of late, have paid periodical visits to Liverpool, bringing in their train a crew of blacklegs, gamesters, and thieves.

As the best means of superseding these low and objectionable amusements, we would recommend Mechanics' Institutes and Apprentices' Libraries for the mind, and gymnastics for the body; and it gives us great pleasure to state, on the most respectable authority, that, since the establishment of the Mechanics' Institute in Dublin, those who frequent it have entirely left off frequenting Donnybrook-fair, that scene of unparalleled riot and drunkenness.

These observations have been suggested by the letter of a correspondent, which we subjoin; and we shall for the present merely add, that we hope to see gymnastics revive in Liverpool, where spirit and energy are not wanting in other respects. G.F.

GYMNASIA.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LIVERPOOL MERCURY.

GENTLEMEN,—With the splendid example of the ancients to excite and guide us, it is remarkable that we should be so very nationally indifferent to exercises, which, while they generate a vigorous constitution of body, beget, also, a mental energy unknown to the indolent and debased, and minister, withal, to the cultivation of that martial spirit, which, by making a community formidable, causes it to be peaceable and respected. Greece and Rome were not a little indebted to their Olympic and Pythian games for the distinguished pre-eminence to which they attained. The emulation and love of glory, superinduced by their festivals, operated as a potent stimulus to the acquirement of individual renown; and hence arose, in no inconsiderable degree, that ardent desire for ennobling distinction, which, acting with simultaneous universality, rendered the Greeks and Romans so highly illustrious.

There was a time, Gentlemen, (I recollect it well) when the "rural mirth and manners" so beautifully depicted by Goldsmith, existed in many parts of England, but which are "now no more;" though we certainly, even yet, occasionally read of a wrestling match, and sometimes hear of feats of strength and agility that are become, for the most part, obsolete. It is true, too, that in some of our more rational seminaries, gymnasia is justly deemed an important branch of education; and it may reasonably be hoped, perhaps, that most of our schools will, ere long, acknowledge the propriety of this measure, recommended as it is by all medical men, however prone to differ on other subjects, and attested as is its usefulness by the experience of those who have in anywise participated in gymnastic exercitation.

With the gradual extinction of amusements, at once harmless in themselves, and, in their consequences, of unquestionable utility, the brutal practice of prize-fighting has developed itself, and is assuming the distinguished degradation of being the almost exclusive recreative enjoyment of Englishmen. The honest feeling of honourable strife that was wont to animate the bold participators in those varied, spirit-stirring, and athletic games, once peculiar to different counties, towns, and more especially villages, in this country, has subsided into the sluggish gloom of beastly intemperance and crime; and the generous rivalry of hardy aspirants for the smiles of admiring maidens and approving old men's commendation, yields to the murderous ambition excited by that ruffian violence which urges man to the destruction, in cool blood, of his fellow man, through a debasing love of "filthy lucre."

This monstrous revolution in popular pleasures is mainly attributable, I think, to what is regarded by many as such a great national blessing, "THE UNPAID;" who, whatever individual exceptions there may be, (and some there are, surely,) have certainly laboured incessantly in the suppression of what, in their wisdom, they are pleased to denounce *the excesses of the vulgar*; for it is thus courtly refinement designates the amusements of the people.

Be yours the task, then, Gentlemen, of endeavouring, at least, to revive the decayed spirit of "days by-gone." The attempt will be worthy of you; and the honour may be yours, of having restored to a considerable portion of your countrymen, pastimes that are alike physically, morally, and politically salutary. We have a munificent Corporation, possessing ample means, had they the disposition, to effect all that can be wished in this respect: but the Corporate body require a monitor; and to you I would assign this office, seeing that you have an able, independent, and intelligent representative, amongst this civic "collective." Exert your influence, then; and exert it, if possible, effectually.

Meanwhile, however, it is consolatory to know that the germ, at all events, of "a consummation so devoutly to be wished," is already in action; and I would, therefore, connected with this interesting subject, direct, with your permission, the attention of such of your readers as are attached to the manly and bracing exercise of the foil, the sword, and the stick, to Mr. HARRISON'S very respectable fencing school, at the Mitre, in Dale-street. This gentleman is an adept in his profession; and, besides the instruction he imparts for the proper and efficient use of the sword, has suitable material for gymnastic recreation. His establishment is well-regulated, as well as conducted with much ability; and his pupils, I am sure, are encouraged in the acquirement of a pleasing and an accomplished art, by the cheering consciousness that pleasure is thereby made subservient to health.

Dec. 13, 1826. ***

Literature, Criticism, &c.

OBSERVATIONS ON MR. CRAIK'S LECTURES ON POETRY,

LATELY DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Not having observed in your valuable journal, any detailed notice of Mr. Craik's lectures on poetry, will you indulge me in an attempt to supply your omission?

It is impossible to overlook the fact, that Mr. Craik has undertaken a task of no ordinary difficulty; one, in the prosecution of which a few have succeeded; but one in which the efforts of by far the greater number have terminated in most lamentable failures. Few in any department of literature, but still fewer in that which Mr. Craik has selected for himself, have, before committing themselves, attempted to ascertain, with sufficient accuracy, the extent of their own powers,

Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent,

and hence they have generally broken down soon after the outset, under the weight and magnitude of their subject. So many requisites must be blended and combined in the man who would duly criticise such as have excelled in immortal verse; so much feeling; so much imagination; so much delicacy and quickness of tact and perception; and, above all, so much ability to discriminate between real pathos and sublimity, and the mere pomp and glitter of language, that, as these essentials are seldom found, even in a very ordinary degree, coexisting in the same individual, ages may roll away before one destined to occupy the first rank in poetical criticism may spring up. Besides all this, I am aware that in Mr. Craik's case the difficulties under which every lecturer on poetry must labour, have been considerably increased, by the fact of his having been, in some measure, brought into contact with one of the first poets of the present day, who, not many years since, delivered a series of lectures on the same subject, in the same place. Influenced by these considerations, I have attended some of Mr. Craik's lectures, not expecting an exhibition of faultless excellence, but determined to be satisfied if I should discover in him any thing like an approximation to it.

I cannot say that I have been disappointed. Talents, and these, too, of rather a distinguished order, Mr. Craik unquestionably possesses. In regard to the subject before him, his statements are, in general, lively and energetic; his views of the merits of the respective authors of whom he treats are, in many cases, sensible and correct; and he occasionally astonishes his auditors by a torrent of declamation, the language of which is exceedingly powerful and appropriate. I was particularly pleased with some remarks which he made in his lecture of Monday se'nnight, on the materials of poetry, on those topics which, by the common consent of mankind, do and do not lie within the bounds of its jurisdiction. I feel satisfied that there was not a single individual listening on that occasion who could fail to bring away with him a very clear and distinct idea of the lecturer's meaning. It is evident that Mr. Craik has studied his subject, and that he is, in no small degree, master of it: but as a set-off against these excellencies, I must, in the most decided manner, express my disapprobation of the style in which he composes, and of the school of which he is a disciple. None who have listened to the pulpit orations of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers can be at any loss to recognise the individual whom Mr. Craik has proposed to himself as his model. The same structure of sentences, the same constant and laborious aiming at effect, the same lavish use of epithets, the same continual recurrence of antithesis and climax, the employment of some of the very phrases, and even of some of the very attitudes for which that preacher is most remarkable, fully justify me in the observation which I have now made. However energetic Mr. Craik's style may be, it certainly is not classical. In saying this I mean no offence to Mr. Craik, for the resemblance to which I have alluded may be more the result of accident than design; but I think I do him a service when I suggest to him what, of course, he himself is well aware of, that, to aim at effect, and to be in reality effective, are two very distinct things; that an attention to the maxim *suaviter in modo fortiter in re* has, in every age, been found to be the most effectual way of appealing to the understandings of mankind; and that a person may make the works of classical authors his models without writing either feebly or triflingly.

Now that I am acting the part of a mentor, it may not be amiss to direct Mr. Craik's attention to another subject of considerable importance, viz.—the difference between pomposity of diction and profusion of verbiage on the one hand, and real fertility of imagination on the other. Mr. Craik need not be told that display of any kind is apt, in the breasts of men of sense, to excite suspicions as to the actual possession of those treasures, for which the person chargeable with it is desirous to obtain credit: but on this head it is unnecessary to enlarge farther; a word to the wise is enough. The error in this respect, into which Mr. Craik has been betrayed is, I am willing to believe, not so much that of the individual, as of the school to which he belongs. I do not know that any circumstance connected with this subject ever struck me more than the following passage, in a letter written by an author of the present day, distinguished for the vividness and brilliancy of his imagination, to a gentleman of considerable literary attainments:—"It affords me great pleasure, my dear friend, to inform you, that I have been able to compose eight pages without the introduction of a single figure." Thus did this man of splendid genius rejoice to throw away what a writer of more moderate capacity would eagerly have grasped at. Will Mr. Craik excuse me if I say to him, Go thou and attempt to do likewise?

Having heard Mr. Craik's lecture of Monday se'nnight, in which he contrasted the respective merits of Dryden and Pope, and made some observations on the difference between their style and that of the earlier English poets, I shall occupy the remainder of this letter with a reference to one or two of the principal topics discussed on that occasion.

As to the lecturer's contrast between Dryden and Pope, I have nothing particular to say. Johnson's remarks on the same subject, enlarged upon by succeeding writers, evidently formed the ground-work of Mr. Craik's. But although his statements, in reference to this point, were scarcely able to lay claim to the merit of originality, it is but justice to him to say that they were by no means devoid of interest. Those occasional blemishes which disfigure the poetry of Dryden, were very finely and powerfully contrasted with the uniform and unwearied correctness of Pope, whilst the lecturer did not neglect to pay a well-deserved tribute of applause to those felicitous efforts of the former, which have put beyond a doubt the triumphs which the English language is capable of achieving. Passing by all this, however, I may state, that I have referred to the lecture in question, chiefly for the purpose of expressing my surprise and regret at Mr. Craik having completely overlook, or mistaken, the origin of that peculiar style of poetry by which the school of Dryden and Pope are distinguished. The former of these celebrated men cannot be viewed so much in the light of an original, as in that of a mere copyist. He was the profound admirer, and, in many respects, servile imitator of the French school of poetry. It is, indeed, to the success of the Corneilles, Racine, and other French writers of eminence, during the earlier part of the reign of Louis XIV. that we are indebted for the poetry both of Dryden and Pope. Those continental authors had contrived to impart a polish to the French language, and a correctness and harmony to the French versification, of which they were previously destitute. Dryden saw and admired their beauties; he studied their works; he caught their spirit; and perceiving that poems constructed after their style and manner were a desideratum in the English language, he resolved to imitate them, and particularly to introduce their correctness and harmony of versification into his native tongue. The times were favourable for making such an attempt. On the Restoration of Charles II. the literature as well as the manners of France having the sanction of the court, had become fashionable throughout the kingdom. Milton's poetry, like his politics, had fallen into disgrace: the substantial and sublime beauties of Shakspeare had ceased to attract attention, and had given place to the glittering and tinsel effusions of Otway and a tribe of others of the same stamp; and the interest of Dryden thus concurring with his inclination, he became the father of what I have no hesitation in calling the French school of poetry in England. Pope, I admit, was Dryden's imitator; but to say this merely is not to do him justice. He was the successful imitator of Dryden's models, as well as of himself. He had drunk at the same fountain-head with his illustrious predecessor; and having conceived that English poetry was susceptible of a polish even beyond that which Dryden had been able to impart to it, all his writings may be regarded as the practical expression of this opinion; and it must be confessed, that in his own particular department, most gloriously has he succeeded. While harmony of numbers; while correctness of versification; while uniform, unvaried, and sustained eloquence of diction continue to charm the ear and gratify the taste, so long must the poetry of Pope hold the first rank among the productions of the English muse.—But with all these excellencies, it cannot be disguised that the poetry neither of Dryden nor Pope is, properly speaking, English. With a very few exceptions, it savours of a foreign origin throughout. It is disfigured by the constant recurrence of point and antithesis; and that effervescence of passion, in mere frothy declamation, with which the writings of both, and particularly those of Pope, abound, may suit exceedingly well the meridian of Paris; but it is not the language in which an Englishman, it is not the language in which unsophisticated human nature gives vent to feeling. Splendidly beautiful as is the passage, which the lecturer quoted, from the Abelard and Eloise of Pope; chaste, and select, and appropriate as is the imagery with which it is adorned; and impossible as it is, for any person of taste, to read it, or hear it read, without an emotion of exquisite delight; yet, paradoxical as the proposition may appear, it is very far indeed from deserving to be classed under the head of the true pathetic. It is the pathetic of the highly-gifted genius, not the pathetic of the sufferer.

From the observations just made, it may be conjectured by those who heard the lecture in question, that I cannot agree with Mr. Craik and others in supposing that there was any such difference between the frame and texture of the imaginations of Shakspeare and Milton on the one hand, and of Dryden and Pope on the other, as to account for the difference of the strains which they have respectively produced. I cannot, for instance, suppose that the minds of the former were only qualified to dwell among the grand and the sublime of nature; that they could only embody imagery of a lofty, aërial, and shadowy character; whilst the latter, from want of the powers which the former possessed, were constrained to take a lower flight, to wander among the realities of human life, to descend to every-day occurrences and minute descriptions; in one word, to adopt a style of poetry, which, to use the lecturer's phrase, is "of the earth, earthy." It is quite sufficient to account for the general difference between the productions of Dryden and Pope and those of their illustrious predecessors, that poets are, like other men, the creatures of circumstance. Let it be recollected, that, in their respective departments of the dramatic and the epic, Shakspeare and Milton had acquired such undisputed superiority, as to preclude the possibility of rivalship, and that to impart harmony and correctness of versification to English poetry, opened up to Dryden and Pope almost the only field in which competition was allowable, and one, towards which the reigning taste and propensities,

the public invited their attention. I say, let these simple facts be recollected, and the reason why Dryden and Pope wrote as they did, is, I think, in a great measure, if not entirely explained. Poetry has its fashions, as well as every thing else, and if men would obtain regard, they must conform themselves to these. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I am not maintaining that there was no difference between the constitution of the minds of Shakspeare and Milton on the one hand, and of Dryden and Pope on the other; but I maintain that this difference will not entirely, or even chiefly, account for the difference of their productions. I do not mean to say, that if circumstances had been different, Dryden and Pope would or could have written as Shakspeare and Milton have done; but detesting, as I do, all theories which are not supported by matters of fact, I certainly do say, that if circumstances had been different, the poetry of the former might have been characterized by features very different from those which it now exhibits.

I have perhaps occupied too much space in your paper already, but I cannot prevail upon myself to conclude without suggesting to Mr. Craik, that although fertility of imagination is requisite to constitute a poet, this very quality tends, in some measure, to unfit a person for being a correct judge of poetry. To enable a person to account for the difference between one poet and another, and to criticise the respective merits of those who have pursued a brilliant career in this department of literature, accuracy of judgment and delicacy of taste are far more important qualifications than the possession of a fancy the most glowing and vigorous. The former prevent the wanderings of the mind, and enable it to seize the exact realities of the case; whereas the latter is apt to leave the individual dissatisfied, except when careering in the shadowy regions of theory or paradox, and conjuring up ideal views, and motives, and associations, where all that is wanted is truth, and fidelity of statement and comparison. Imagination, in one word, is apt to lead a lecturer on poetry, in treating of his subject, to play the poet's, instead of the critic's part. Will Mr. Craik excuse me if I say, that I consider this remark to be, to a certain degree, applicable to him? Without intending it, I am afraid that he sometimes sets before his hearers the splendid visions of his own fancy, instead of the plain and sober realities of the case. This, surely, it is not too late for him to correct.—Yours, &c.

Liverpool, December 26, 1826. PROSAICUS.

The Kaleidoscope.

JOHN DUNN HUNTER.

[*Continued from our former papers.*]

In our last volume we inserted several paragraphs, questioning the integrity of this individual, whom we considered to be an impostor. We also inserted some attempts to justify him from the serious accusation of having duped his friends, and attempted to deceive the world, by passing off a work of fiction for a history of his own adventures. In the *Kaleidoscope* of February 14, we inserted an editorial article, entitled "Literary Cheats and Plagiarists, and the Cant of Criticism," in which we discussed the claims of Hunter to that character for veracity for which his friends have given him credit.

Major T. Biddle, the gentleman who was the first to question Hunter's claims to originality, has instituted fresh inquiries on the subject, the result of which he has communicated to the *National Intelligencer*. We publish the following extract from his letter, dated St. Louis, Missouri, Sept. 23, 1825, containing the substance of the facts elicited:

"The principal men of the Osages are now at this place on business of the highest importance to them. I inclose to you the answers they have made to inquiries I have put to them; and also the testimony of several respectable gentlemen touching the present subject. These documents, I think, establish, that Mr. Hunter does not understand the Osage language; that, brought face to face with the Osage chiefs, and others, they declare they never have seen him; that, when told that his book had been denounced as an imposition, he took no measures to establish its authenticity; that the Osage had never been to the Pacific Ocean; that Tecumseh never visited the Osage nation; and that Mr. Hunter professes himself to be acquainted with Gen. Clarke and the Choctaws, who have declared that they never heard of him. Join these to the testimony published in the fiftieth number of the *North American Review*, and I think the conclusion will be irresistible, as to the poor character of Mr. Hunter."

We subjoin one document, which we deem conclusive as to the imposture of which Hunter was guilty in palming his book upon the public.

"*Interrogatories and answers having reference to Mr. John D. Hunter, put to a delegation of Osages who were assembled at St. Louis to make peace with the Delawares and other tribes, Sept.* 22, 1826.

"1st. Was there a white man, who lived a number of years in your nation, who, from his skill in hunting was called the *hunter*, and who left your nation about ten years ago?

"The Mad Buffalo, Sans Nerf, the Old Corn, and La Montre, all say they never heard of such a person; and that if a man of that kind lived among them, it was impossible but that some of them should have remembered him.

"Noel Maigrain (a white man) has lived with the Osages wenty-five years, and never heard of such a man.

"2d. Was there ever a white man came to your nation who had been a prisoner among the Kansas?

"The Mad Buffalo, Sans Nerf, the Old Corn, and La Montre, all say, they never heard of such a circumstance. Sans Nerf, who is quite an old man, says, that he has known the Kansas almost as well as his own people for 35 years, and that he never knew of a white prisoner taken by them.

"3d. Did any of your nation go to the Pacific Ocean?

"The Mad Buffalo, Sans Nerf, the Old Corn, and La Montra, say, never. We have heard talk of the great Salt Lake beyond the mountains, but none of our people have ever been there. The farthest they have ever gone was to the foot of this side of the mountains.

"4th. Did Tecumseh ever visit your nation?

"Mad Buffalo, Sans Nerf, the Old Corn, La Montre, and Noel Maigrain, all say, never. We have heard of Tecumseh, as we have heard of the devil, but he was never at our nation.

"These interrogatories were repeated aloud by Sans Nerf to the Osages present, who all assented to the truth of the responses, and the names set down are selected on account of their age and respectability. Tally, one of the first chiefs, is here; but, as he had denied knowing Mr. Hunter when they were face to face, it is unnecessary to put his name down. "THOMAS BIDDLE."

"*St. Louis, Sept. 27.*"

Miscellanies.

The Origin of Confining Jurors from Meat and Drink.—The Gothic nations were famous of old, in Europe, for the quantities of food and drink which they consumed. The ancient Germans, and their Saxon descendants in England, were remarkable for their hearty meals. Gluttony and drunkenness were so very common, that those vices were not thought disgraceful; and Tacitus represents the former as capable of being as easily overcome by strong drink as by arms. Intemperance was so general and habitual, that no one was thought to be fit for serious business after dinner; and under this persuasion it was enacted in the laws, that Judges should hear and determine causes *fasting, and not after dinner*. An Italian author, in his "*Antiquities*," plainly affirms, that this regulation was framed for the purpose of avoiding the unsound decrees consequent upon intoxication; and Dr. Gilbert Stuart very patiently and ingeniously observes, in his "*Historical Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the British Constitution*," p. 238, that from this propensity of the older Britons to indulge excessively in eating and drinking has proceeded the restriction upon jurors and jurymen, to refrain from meat and drink, and to be even held in custody, until they had agreed upon their verdict. The descendants of those nations, who form the greater part of the population of the United States, may feel a gratification in knowing the origin of this restraint upon juries.—*American Paper.*

GENTEEL ECONOMY.

A certain lady, whose taste is equal to her economy, was under the necessity of asking a friend to dinner. The following is a bill of fare, and expense of each dish, which was found on the carpet:—

At top, two herrings	1d.
Middle, one ounce and a half of butter melted	0½
Bottom, three mutton chops, cut thin	2
One side, one pound of potatoes	0½
On the other side, pickled cabbage	0½
Fish removed, two larks, plenty of crumbs	1½
Mutton removed, French roll boiled for pudding	0½
Parsley for garnish	0½
	7

The dinner was served up on china, looked light, tasty, and pretty; the table small, and the dishes well-proportioned. We hope each new-married lady will keep this as a lesson; it is worth knowing how to serve up seven dishes, consisting of a dish of fish, joint of mutton, couple of fowls, pudding, vegetables, and sauce, for sevenpence.—*Cradock's Memoirs.*

Logic of the Scotch Peasantry.—A country clergyman, who on Sundays is more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called unceremoniously at a cottage, while its possessor was engaged (a daily exercise) in perusing a paragraph of the writings of an inspired prophet. "Well, John, what's this you are about?"—"I am propheeying."—"*Prophecying!* I doubt you are only *reading* a prophecy."—"Weel, gif reading a preachin' be *predoking*, is na' reading a prophecy *prophecying?*"—*Dundee Advertiser.*

Slender Repast.—"Have you dined?" said a lounger to his friend.—"I have, upon my honour," replied he.—"Then," rejoined the first, "if you have *dined upon your honour*, I fear you have made but a scanty meal."

A West Country Joke.—A countryman, giving evidence in a court of justice, was asked if he was born in wedlock? "No, (replied the bumpkin,) I was born in Devonshire."

Origin of Bull-baiting.—The first bull-bait in this country is said to have been held at Stamford, about the year 1209, and to have been introduced from the following circumstances:—Earl Warrenare, lord of the town, standing upon the walls of the castle, observed two bulls fighting, until the butchers' dogs interposed and pursued one of them through the town, which sight so pleased his Lordship that he gave the meadow, where the fray began, to the butchers of the town, to be used as a common after the first grass was mown, "on condition that they should find a *mad bull* the day six weeks before Chrismas day, for the continuance of that sport *for ever*.

Steam Music.—In Malmesbury's History, we read that in his time (1002) there was to be seen in the church of Rheims, an hydraulic organ, constructed by one Gerbert, a famous mechanician, "in which *the air escaping in a surprising manner by the force of heated water*, fills the cavity of the instrument, and the brazen pipes emit modulated tones through the multifarious apertures." This application of steam might be revived with great effect. The music produced would be somewhat analagous to that of the Eolian harp.—*Correspondent in Mechanics' Magazine.*

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

	Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Barometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Dec.										
20	29	57	37	0	40	0	43	0	S.S.E.	Cloudy.
21	29	63	39	0	41	0	44	0	N.N.W.	Fair.
22	29	97	38	0	40	0	46	0	W.N.W.	Rain.
23	30	34	40	0	48	0	50	0	W.	Cloudy.
24	30	19	37½	0	46	0	49	0	W.	Rain.
25	30	27	44	0	45	0	49	0	W.	Rain.
26	30	37	41	0	41	0	45	0	N.W.	Cloudy.

20th, Hail storm, five a.m.
26th, Rain during night; eight a.m. dense fog.

Tide Table.

Days.	Morn. h.	m.	Even. h.	m.	Height. ft.	in.	Festivals, &c.
Tuesday ..	2	1	52	2	15	18	4	
Wednesday	3	2	35	2	58	16	10	
Thursday..	4	3	20	3	44	15	2	
Friday	5	4	9	4	37	13	7	Moon's first quarter.
Saturday..	6	5	5	5	37	12	4	Epiphany.
Sunday....	7	6	12	6	48	11	7	1st Sunday after Epiphany.
Monday ..	8	7	24	7	58	11	6	Lucian.
Tuesday ..	9	8	30	8	58	12	0	

Poetry.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

I woo thee not with smiles to come,
For joy has here but transient home:
I woo thee not, new-born of Time,
To come in angel shape sublime,
With raiment of the mountain snow,
And glory's halo round thy brow!
I woo thee not, from Chaos sprung,
To come with soft and syren song;
I woo thee not from realms afar,
To come bright as yon dazzling star;
I woo thee not to banish care,
And give to Lethe grim despair!
I woo thee not for weal or woe,
For swift the stream of Time must flow;
And be to grief the moments given,
Or bliss allied, almost, to heaven;
Yet short the space, and brief the span,
Allotted smiles, or tears to man;
And all, New Year, I pray of thee,
Whate'er the destinies decree,
Is, that be mine the heart resigned
In brighter worlds its rest to find!
O'er scenes departed, fleet as fair,
To shed no more the impassion'd tear;
Or if a lingering drop will stray,
Perchance to many a by-gone day:
The fond intruder quickly chase,
And, faith conveyed, through viewless space,
That better, happier realm explore,
Where the bright rose blooms evermore!
And whether mine, chill'd by the gale,
Ordained to thrid the gloomy vale;
Or on the spicy mountain high,
Blythe revel keep in Aready;
Still that to me, oh! still be given,
The lowly heart approv'd of Heaven!
Affections, hopes, o'er earth that rise,
And kindred claim with deathless joys.

Liverpool. G.

The following pathetic Stanzas are extracted from a late number of the "Literary Magnet."

THE OUTCAST.

Oh! coldly on my breaking heart
The glance of stern unkindness falls,
And bitter tears unheeded start,
And boding fear appals.

The friends who loved me, where are they?
The good, the gen'rous, and the brave?
Some kindred hearts are far away;
Some moulder in the grave;

And others, once so kind, are changed:
Their features scarcely seem the same;
Their hearts and eyes alike estranged;
Their "friendship but a name."

Oh! why was I so fondly loved,
And cherished with such watchful care,
In that dear home where none reproved,
No eye looked coldly there?

My mother's smile, so sweetly mild,
No longer meets my tearful gaze;
For blessings on his only child,
No more my father prays.

Mine was that mother's latest smile,
And mine that father's latest prayer;
They sleep beneath yon sacred aisle;
Would that their child were there!

Father of all! thy spirit shed,
In mercy, o'er my troubled soul;
Vouchsafe to guard my orphan head;
My erring thoughts control.

Oh! teach me fortune, friends, and home,
Without a murmur to resign;
Be thou my guide where'er I roam,
And make me wholly thine. J. F. T.

ADDRESS TO AN EAGLE,

SUPPOSED TO BE SEEN RISING FROM ITS EYRY.

Bird of the lofty peaks and mountains, hail!
Majestic monarch of the feathered tribe!
That builds thine eyry on stupendous cliffs,
Whose dizzy heights no mortal dares to scale;
Those noble pillars reared by Nature's hand,
Which seem to prop the canopy of heaven.
How nobly art thou soaring to the sky!
With sail-broad pinions shaddowing the sun;
With what a piercing eye dost thou resist
The effulgence of his bright meridian beams.
Hail! glorious emblem of the unfettered mind,
That bursts the shackles of this world's control!
Up to the skies aspires to contemplate
The beauties of creation's noble works;
Finds in the smallness of created things
Almighty power, and wisdom infinite,
As much displayed as in their magnitude;
Finds equal wisdom in the atom small,
As in the Alpine mountain robed in snow,
And with the glittering glacier stately crowned;
As in the rolling ocean's vast expanse,
So in the particle of falling dew,
And, fired with sacred ecstasy, adores
The Author and Designer of the whole;
That penetrates with wisdom's piercing eye
Through the false glitter, pageantry, and pomp,
Which gild the surface of external things,
And cover crimes of deepest, deadliest dye,
With saint-like gloss of outward ornament;
Bright emblem, too, of glorious victory,
Which triumphs o'er the tyrant despot's power,
Or spurns the dread oppressor's galling yoke;
Thou'rt soaring still unutterably high,
Soon will the blue and fathomless abyss
Of heaven's eternal concave swallow up
Thy lessening form, as upward still thou mountest;
Thou'rt now diminished to a little speck,
And now thou'rt lost unto my aching sight.

Chester, October, 1826. E. P.

BEN NEVIS.

[*From the Literary Souvenir, for* 1827.]

We climb, we pant, we pause; again we climb:
Frown not, stern mountain, nor around thee throw
Thy mist and storm, but look with cloudless brow
O'er all thy giant progeny sublime;
While toiling up the immeasurable height
We climb, we pant, we pause: the thickening gloom
Hath palled us in the darkness of the tomb;
And on the hard-won summit sound nor sight
Salutes us, save the snow and chilling blast,
And all the gurdian fiends of Winter's throne.
Such too is Life—ten thousand perils past,
Our fame is vapour, and our mirth a groan.
But patience; till the veil be rent away,
And on our vision flash celestial day.

The following well-written lines on Napoleon, by a celebrated French writer, appeared in the *Ipswich Fashionable Repository* for 1827, with the following prefatory note:—"*The best English Translation of the following Stanzas will be entitled to Four Ladies' Repositories for* 1828.

A NAPOLEON.

De lumière et d'obscurité,
De néant et de gloire étonnant assemblage,
Astre fatal aux rois comme à la liberté:
Au plus haut de ton cours porté par un orage,
Et par un orage emporté
Toi, qui n'as rien connu, dans ton sanglant passage,
D'égal à ton bonheur que ton adversité;

Dieu mortel, sous tes pieds les monts courbant leurs têtes
T'ouvraient un chemin triomphal,
Les éléments soumis attendaient ton signal:
D'une nuit pluvieuse écartant les tempêtes,
Pour éclairer tes fêtes,
Le soleil t'annonçait sur son char radieux;
L'Europe t'admirait dans une horreur profonde,
Et le son de ta voix, un signe de tes yeux
Donnait une secousse au monde.

Ton souffle du chaos faisait sortir les loix;
Ton image insultait aux dépouilles des rois,
Et, debout sur l'airain de leurs foudres guerrières,
Entretenait le ciel du bruit de tes exploits.
Les cultes renaissans, étonnés d'être frères,
Sur leurs autels rivaux, qui fumaient à la fois,
Pour toi confondaient leurs prières.
"Conservez," disaient-ils, "le vainqueur du Thabor:
"Conservez le vainqueur du Tibre;"
Que n'ont-ils pour ta gloire ajouté plus encore:
"Dieu juste, conservez le roi d'un peuple libre?"

Tu régnerais encore si tu l'avais voulu:
Fils de la Liberté, tu détrônas ta mère.
Armé contre ses droits d'un pouvoir éphémère,
Tu croyais l'accabler, tu l'avais résolu;
Mais le tombeau creusé pour elle
Dévore tôt ou tard le monarque absolu:
Un tyrant tombe ou meurt; seule elle est immortelle.

HOW TO MAKE A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A Hint to those who can afford to take it.—At such times as the present, a most material alleviation of the public pressure would be experienced, if every man, who could afford to do it, would imitate the laudable example of the Committee of the Liverpool Exchange rooms, who have already paid their tradesmen's bills, although the year is unexpired. All public bodies, and indeed all individuals, to whom prompt payment is no inconvenience, by following this example, would render a most essential service to the town.—*Mercury.*

Tradesmen's Bills.—A very essential relief might be afforded to the distress at this period so generally experienced by the trading part of the community, were those individuals or families, who are in the habit of running half-yearly or yearly bills with their tradespeople, to make a little sacrifice, in order to the prompt discharge of such bills at the approaching customary season of their being delivered; as it is within our knowledge that a great many persons allow those demands to stand over unpaid for three, six, nine, and even twelve months, to the great loss and serious inconvenience of the respectable, honest tradesman; while, at the same time, a trifling sacrifice would enable them not only promptly to discharge their bills, but to do what, after all, would be but an act of justice; for it is well known to any one who is the least conversant with the mercantile world, that every exertion is making in the manufacturing and wholesale departments of trade to shorten the terms of credit, while the more humble retailer is induced, we might almost say compelled, for many reasons, to continue the usual indulgence of *time* to his customers.—*Times.*

Discovery of Wine.—Dr. Henderson, in his "History of Ancient and Modern Wines," gives the following account of the discovery of wine, on the authority of a Persian MS.:—The Persian Emperor who founded Persipolis, being extremely fond of grapes, put some into a jar to preserve them; and tasting them while they were fermenting, he found them so bad, that he put them back, and marked poison on the jars. His favourite mistress, from some cause, weary of life, drank the liquor, which, the fermentation being at an end, was so pleasant as to reconcile her to life, instead of poisoning her. The King found out what had taken place; and thus wine was discovered.

Poetry by a Welsh Bard.—This volume, which has been some time in the press, will, we understand, very shortly make its appearance. Its publication has been delayed by the author's being unavoidably engaged in the completion of some paintings.—*See Adv.*

Mr. Westerne.—Since we first noticed this very promising pupil of *Mr. Webbe*, he has been performing with increased success the characters of Lord Ainsworth, in the Maid of the Mill—and Henry Bertram, in Guy Mannering; and on the 18th instant he was to represent Apollo, in Midas, the performance being by order of Lord Lansdowne, in conjunction with many of the *noblesse* of Somerset and the adjacent counties, assembled at Bath, in consequence of the great West country agricultural meeting.

Vive la Bagatelle.

ANSWERS TO THE CHARADES, &c. IN OUR LAST.

11. Evil, vile, live, Levi.—12. Amended, mended, ended.—13. Slaughter, laughter.—14. Lisbonne.—15. Portugais.—16. On i on, Onion.—17. Snow-ball.—18. Untied, united.—19. A horse.—20.

21. Your elbow.

22. Place your left foot close up to the wall; let your left hip, shoulder, and cheek be in contact with the wall; bring your right foot up close to your left foot, and you will find you cannot raise the right leg, so as to stand on the other, or to "shake a loose leg."

23. Because they *feel loss of eyes* (philosophize!)

24. Because it is the capital of France.

25. Because he is as king for the time (asking for the time.)

NEW BAGATELLES.

CHARADES.

26.

There is a work that signifies
A heinous, capital offence;
Strike off its head, and it implies
"The pride of worth and pith of sense."

Liverpool. FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

27.

A little excursion my first signifies,
Obstruction or hindrance my second implies,
My whole at this moment is under your eyes.
IBID.

28.

A word shows what I once possess'd,
The letters change, and there's express'd
What then, alas! form'd my delight,
But left me in a beggar's plight;
Once more revers'd, a word appears,
Imbittering my declining years. IBID.

29.

Cut off my head, but leave my tail,
And you will find I still am hale;
Another letter then remove,
A wholesome beverage I prove. IBID.

LOGOGRIPHS.

30.

Nil erimus, totas si vis existere partes;
Omnia, scinde caput, flector amice, sumus.

31.

Quem mea præteritis habuerunt mœnia sæclis
Vatem, si vertas, hoc modo, nomen habent.

32.

Primum tolle pedem, tibi fient omnia fausta;
Inversum, quid sim dicere nemo potest.

33.

Si quid dat pars prima mei, pars altera rodit.

34.

Sume caput, curram; ventrem conjuge, volabo;
Adde pedes, comedes; et sine ventre, bibes.

Green Heys, near Manchester. F. G.

35.

En six lettres je suis un habit tout laineux,
Un pronom personnel est dans mes trois premières,
Toujours, dans la musique, il faut mes trois dernières,
Et sans tête je porte un habit cotonneux.

ALB***.

PUZZLES.

36.

A master joiner gives to one of his men a plank, 10 feet long and 2 feet wide, to be made into a square table; but the plank not to be cut into more than five pieces. The man, unskilled in geometry, wishes to know how this must be done?

37.

A lady has a square dressing table, each side of which is 30 inches, but wishes to have it enlarged by the application of six square feet of plank to it, so that each side may be a foot longer. How is this to be done?

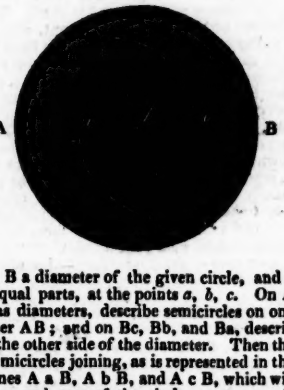
38.

In the position represented in the figure, let any person attempt to walk to a mark on the wall and place his finger upon it.

39.

How to divide a circle into four equal parts, by three lines of equal length.

SOLUTION.



Draw A B a diameter of the given circle, and divide it into four equal parts, at the points *a*, *b*, *c*. On Aa, Ab, and Ac, as diameters, describe semicircles on one side of the diameter AB; and on Bc, Bb, and Ba, describe semicircles on the other side of the diameter. Then the corresponding semicircles joining, as is represented in the figure, form the lines A a B, A b B, and A c B, which will divide the diameter and area of the circle, as was required. If the diameter and area were to be divided into any other number of equal parts; first divide the diameter into the required number, and then proceed as above.

SELECT ANAGRAMS.

Partial men.	Golden land.
Alterations.	All great sin.
Misanthrope.	Nay I repent.
Mind his map.	Ten mad men.
Queer as mad.	A nice cold pye.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

CHESS CONTROVERSY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I felt certain that *J. B.* would reply to my letter, but did not expect such an answer as he sent to you. He first endeavours to prove that the king may be taken, and then quarrels with me for taking him when there is an opportunity, for surely, if the game depends (as he seems to think) on the taking of the king, it can be a matter of no consequence, when one king is taken, in what situation the other is left. *J. B.* next quarrels with an inference drawn not from a supposition of mine, but from his own definition, for thereupon I grounded my arguments in my last letter: and, above all, *J. B.* supposes he has checkmated me, even before he has had my ideas of the terms check and checkmate. I take it that check merely is a warning which one party is bound to give when it occurs, and the other equally obliged to attend to, viz. that king is in danger; and a king is checkmated when can avoid being taken only by surrendering at discret Check is often given to gain a move, or a piece, with the least reference to a checkmate, and if it were once mitted that the king might be taken, that is, taken off board, then he would be in as much danger from a cas check (if he did not evade it) as from a checkmate. Sir then, the game depends upon the preservation of the ki either on the system of *J. B.* or on mine, I think it rat shows the high value I set on the safety of his majesty, not allowing him to go where there is even the appearan of danger, than that I reduce him below the level of ot pieces, when I will not allow him to move into a squa where another piece might remain in perfect safety. Ot pieces may remain in check for any length of time, t this the king cannot do in any case. I shall merely a *J. B.*, in reference to his explanation of my position, ho or by what rule, does he determine whether it is the bla queen or the white castle that has the power to give check But I hasten to the consideration of the principle for wh *J. B.* contends, viz. that a piece cannot at the same ti cover check and give it. I consider that the power of piece over the adverse king is never done away with un any circumstances. Though a piece while covering ch is incapable of attacking other pieces, (which, as I sa may remain in check for any length of time,) yet it can only give check, but also defend other pieces from the tack of the adverse king. As there is no rule expres to say whether this is correct or not, I shall refer *J. B* the 117th game of the *Kaleidoscope*, (which I have b informed by the editor is taken from Lolli,) and wh must have escaped the notice of *J. B.*, or he never wo have sent his first letter, so directly opposed to the pr ciple of it, to be inserted in the same paper with the c rect solution of Lolli. I ask him why the black k does not, in the fifth move, take the white pa C—4? According to his notion, it might be done, the knight on D—2, which defends it, is at the sa time covering his king from check. This case diff from the first position of *C. G. F.* only in the d ference of the pieces. Surely *J. B.* would not wish more favourable occasion for putting his principle practice, as it would avoid a checkmate, otherwise cer in two moves. I have no doubt that several similar stances might be adduced, but I fear I am making my le rather long, and therefore remain, Mr. Editor, yours,

W. C.

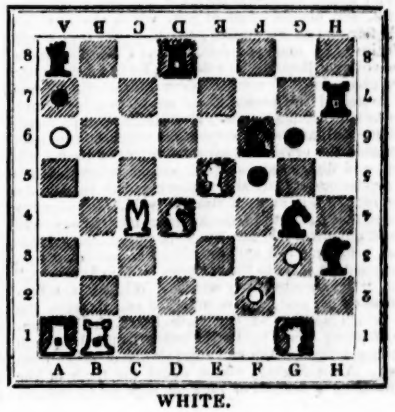
SOLUTION TO GAME CXXII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Knight.....B—5X (By discovery.)	1. Knight.....E—7
2. Castle.....A—7X	2. King.....B—8
3. Bishop.....E—5X	3. Castle.....C—7
4. Bishop.....C—7X	4. King.....C—8
5. Castle.....A—8X	5. King.....D—7
6. Castle.....D—8X	6. King.....E—6
7. Castle.....D—6X	7. King.....F—5
8. Knight....D—4X MATE.	

[NO. CXXIII.]

The white to move, and to checkmate in eight moves.

Black.



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A NAPOLEON.

De lumière et d'obscurité,
De néant et de gloire étonnant assemblage,
Astre fatal aux rois comme à la liberté:
Au plus haut de ton cours porté par un orage,
Et par un orage emporté
Toi, qui n'as rien connu, dans ton sanglant passage,
D'égal à ton bonheur que ton adversité;

Dieu mortel, sous tes pieds les monts courbant leurs têtes
T'ouvraient un chemin triomphal,
Les éléments soumis attendaient ton signal:
D'une nuit pluvieuse écartant les tempêtes,
Pour éclairer tes fêtes,
Le soleil t'annonçait sur son char radieux;
L'Europe t'admirait dans une horreur profonde,
Et le son de ta voix, un signe de tes yeux
Donnait une secousse au monde.

Ton souffle du chaos faisait sortir les loix;
Ton image insultait aux dépouilles des rois,
Et, debout sur l'airain de leurs foudres guerrières,
Entretenait le ciel du bruit de tes exploits.
Les cultes renaissans, étonnés d'être frères,
Sur leurs autels rivaux, qui fumaient à la fois,
Pour toi confondaient leurs prières.
"Conservez," disaient-ils, "le vainqueur du Thabor:
"Conservez le vainqueur du Tibre;"
Que n'ont-ils pour ta gloire ajouté plus encore:
"Dieu juste, conservez le roi d'un peuple libre?"

Tu régnerais encore si tu l'avais voulu:
Fils de la Liberté, tu détrônas ta mère.
Armé contre ses droits d'un pouvoir éphémère,
Tu croyais l'accabler, tu l'avais résolu;
Mais le tombeau creusé pour elle
Dévore tôt ou tard le monarque absolu:
Un tyrant tombe ou meurt; seule elle est immortelle.

HOW TO MAKE A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A Hint to those who can afford to take it.—At such times as the present, a most material alleviation of the public pressure would be experienced, if every man, who could afford to do it, would imitate the laudable example of the Committee of the Liverpool Exchange rooms, who have already paid their tradesmen's bills, although the year is unexpired. All public bodies, and indeed all individuals, to whom prompt payment is no inconvenience, by following this example, would render a most essential service to the town.—*Mercury.*

Tradesmen's Bills.—A very essential relief might be afforded to the distress at this period so generally experienced by the trading part of the community, were those individuals or families, who are in the habit of running half-yearly or yearly bills with their tradespeople, to make a little sacrifice, in order to the prompt discharge of such bills at the approaching customary season of their being delivered; as it is within our knowledge that a great many persons allow those demands to stand over unpaid for three, six, nine, and even twelve months, to the great loss and serious inconvenience of the respectable, honest tradesman; while, at the same time, a trifling sacrifice would enable them not only promptly to discharge their bills, but to do what, after all, would be but an act of justice; for it is well known to any one who is the least conversant with the mercantile world, that every exertion is making in the manufacturing and wholesale departments of trade to shorten the terms of credit, while the more humble retailer is induced, we might almost say compelled, for many reasons, to continue the usual indulgence of *time* to his customers.—*Times.*

Discovery of Wine.—Dr. Henderson, in his "History of Ancient and Modern Wines," gives the following account of the discovery of wine, on the authority of a Persian MS.:—The Persian Emperor who founded Persipolis, being extremely fond of grapes, put some into a jar to preserve them; and tasting them while they were fermenting, he found them so bad, that he put them back, and marked poison on the jars. His favourite mistress, from some cause, weary of life, drank the liquor, which, the fermentation being at an end, was so pleasant as to reconcile her to life, instead of poisoning her. The King found out what had taken place; and thus wine was discovered.

Poetry by a Welsh Bard.—This volume, which has been some time in the press, will, we understand, very shortly make its appearance. Its publication has been delayed by the author's being unavoidably engaged in the completion of some paintings.—*See Adv.*

Mr. Westerne.—Since we first noticed this very promising pupil of *Mr. Webbe*, he has been performing with increased success the characters of Lord Ainsworth, in the Maid of the Mill—and Henry Bertram, in Guy Mannering; and on the 18th instant he was to represent Apollo, in Midas, the performance being by order of Lord Lansdowne, in conjunction with many of the *noblesse* of Somerset and the adjacent counties, assembled at Bath, in consequence of the great West country agricultural meeting.

Vive la Bagatelle.

ANSWERS TO THE CHARADES, &c. IN OUR LAST.

11. Evil, vile, live, Levi.—12. Amended, mended, ended.—13. Slaughter, laughter.—14. Lisbonne.—15. Portugais.—16. On i on, Onion.—17. Snow-ball.—18. United, united.—19. A horse.—20.

21. Your elbow.

22. Place your left foot close up to the wall; let your left hip, shoulder, and cheek be in contact with the wall; bring your right foot up close to your left foot, and you will find you cannot raise the right leg, so as to stand on the other, or to "shake a loose leg."

23. Because they *feel loss of eyes* (philosophize!)

24. Because it is the capital of France.

25. Because he is as king for the time (asking for the time.)

NEW BAGATELLES.

CHARADES.

26.

There is a work that signifies
A heinous, capital offence;
Strike off its head, and it implies
"The pride of worth and pith of sense."

Liverpool. FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

27.

A little excursion my first signifies,
Obstruction or hindrance my second implies,
My whole at this moment is under your eyes.
IBID.

28.

A word shows what I once possess'd,
The letters change, and there's express'd
What then, alas! form'd my delight,
But left me in a beggar's plight;
Once more revers'd, a word appears,
Imbittering my declining years. IBID.

29.

Cut off my head, but leave my tail,
And you will find I still am hale;
Another letter then remove,
A wholesome beverage I prove. IBID.

LOGOGRIPHS.

30.

Nil erimus, totas si vis existere partes;
Omnia, scinde caput, flector amice, sumus.

31.

Quem mea præteritis habuerunt mœnia sæclis
Vatem, si vertas, hoc modo, nomen habent.

32.

Primum tolle pedem, tibi fient omnia fausta;
Inversum, quid sim dicere nemo potest.

33.

Si quid dat pars prima mei, pars altera rodit.

34.

Sume caput, curram; ventrem conjuge, volabo;
Adde pedes, comedes; et sine ventre, bibes.

Green Heys, near Manchester. F. G.

35.

En six lettres je suis un habit tout laineux,
Un pronoun personnel est dans mes trois premières,
Toujours, dans la musique, il faut mes trois dernières,
Et sans tête je porte un habit cotonneux.

ALB***.

PUZZLES.

36.

A master joiner gives to one of his men a plank, 10 feet long and 2 feet wide, to be made into a square table; but the plank not to be cut into more than five pieces. The man, unskilled in geometry, wishes to know how this must be done?

37.

A lady has a square dressing table, each side of which is 30 inches, but wishes to have it enlarged by the application of six square feet of plank to it, so that each side may be a foot longer. How is this to be done?

38.

In the position represented in the figure, let any person attempt to walk to a mark on the wall and place his finger upon it.

39.

How to divide a circle into four equal parts, by three lines of equal length.

SOLUTION.

Draw A B a diameter of the given circle, and divide it into four equal parts, at the points *a*, *b*, *c*. On Aa, Ab, and Ac, as diameters, describe semicircles on one side of the diameter AB; and on Bc, Bb, and Ba, describe semicircles on the other side of the diameter. Then the corresponding semicircles joining, as is represented in the figure, form the lines A a B, A b B, and A c B, which will divide the diameter and area of the circle, as was required. If the diameter and area were to be divided into any other number of equal parts; first divide the diameter into the required number, and then proceed as above.

SELECT ANAGRAMS.

Partial men.	Golden land.
Alterations.	All great sin.
Misanthrope.	Nay I repent.
Mind his map.	Ten mad men.
Queer as mad.	A nice cold pye.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

CHESS CONTROVERSY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I felt certain that *J. B.* would reply to my letter, but did not expect such an answer as he sent to you. He first endeavours to prove that the king may be taken, and then quarrels with me for taking him when there is an opportunity, for surely, if the game depends (as he seems to think) on the taking of the king, it can be a matter of no consequence, when one king is taken, in what situation the other is left. *J. B.* next quarrels with an inference drawn not from a supposition of mine, but from his own definition, for thereupon I grounded my arguments in my last letter: and, above all, *J. B.* supposes he has checkmated me, even before he has had my ideas of the terms check and checkmate. I take it that check merely is a warning which one party is bound to give when it occurs, and the other equally obliged to attend to, viz. that king is in danger; and a king is checkmated when can avoid being taken only by surrendering at discret Check is often given to gain a move, or a piece, with the least reference to a checkmate, and if it were once mitted that the king might be taken, that is, taken off board, then he would be in as much danger from a cas check (if he did not evade it) as from a checkmate. Sir then, the game depends upon the preservation of the ki either on the system of *J. B.* or on mine, I think it rat shows the high value I set on the safety of his majesty, not allowing him to go where there is even the appearan of danger, than that I reduce him below the level of ot pieces, when I will not allow him to move into a squa where another piece might remain in perfect safety. Ot pieces may remain in check for any length of time, this the king cannot do in any case. I shall merely r *J. B.*, in reference to his explanation of my position, ho or by what rule, does he determine whether it is the bla queen or the white castle that has the power to give check But I hasten to the consideration of the principle for wh *J. B.* contends, viz. that a piece cannot at the same ti cover check and give it. I consider that the power of piece over the adverse king is never done away with un any circumstances. Though a piece while covering ch is incapable of attacking other pieces, (which, as I sa may remain in check for any length of time,) yet it can only give check, but also defend other pieces from the tack of the adverse king. As there is no rule expres to say whether this is correct or not, I shall refer *J. B* the 117th game of the *Kaleidoscope*, (which I have b informed by the editor is taken from Lolli,) and wh must have escaped the notice of *J. B.*, or he never wo have sent his first letter, so directly opposed to the pr ciple of it, to be inserted in the same paper with the c rect solution of Lolli. I ask him why the black k does not, in the fifth move, take the white pa C—4? According to his notion, it might be done, the knight on D—2, which defends it. is at the sa time covering his king from check. This case diff from the first position of *C. G. F.* only in the d ference of the pieces. Surely *J. B.* would not wish more favourable occasion for putting his principle practice, as it would avoid a checkmate, otherwise cer in two moves. I have no doubt that several similar stances might be adduced, but I fear I am making my le rather long, and therefore remain, Mr. Editor, yours,

W. C.

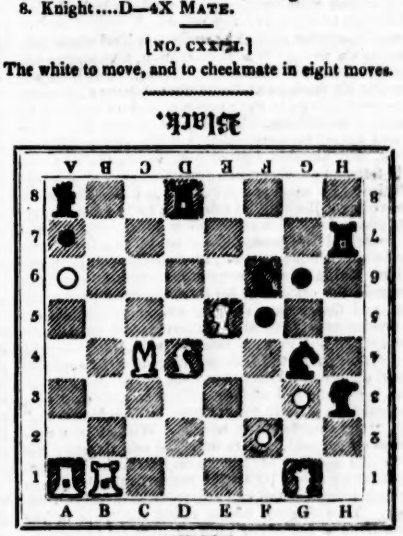
SOLUTION TO GAME CXXII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Knight.....B—5X (By discovery.)	1. Knight.....E—7
2. Castle.....A—7X	2. King.....B—8
3. Bishop.....E—5X	3. Castle.....C—7
4. Bishop.....C—7X	4. King.....C—8
5. Castle.....A—8X	5. King.....D—7
6. Castle.....D—8X	6. King.....E—6
7. Castle.....D—6X	7. King.....F—5
8. Knight....D—4X MATE.	

[NO. CXXIII.]

The white to move, and to checkmate in eight moves.

Black.



WHITE.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

THE AUSTRIAN ASSASSIN.

The wavering ambition, the enthusiasm, and the fanciful sensibility of the Emperor Joseph II. are not forgotten, and the favourites of his councils were often men whose recommendation was a tincture of similar peculiarities. There was one person, to whom, if German etiquette had been flexible, he would have given public entrance to his cabinet; but rigid prejudices and custom compelled him to be content with private patronage. Whence this man came is doubtful, though some remarkable instances of courage and fidelity which he had shown during Joseph's quarrel with his Belgian subjects, were supposed to have been his first passports to favour. If he was a native of Flanders, the acuteness of his eye, his sharp lean features, and slender person, were no evidences of his birth-place, and his accent was observed to have something Italian in it. Joseph meditated bold and singular changes in German jurisprudence, and was supposed to carry on a private correspondence with those literary men, who, if they did not absolutely change the tide of public opinion, availed themselves of it to rise on the surface. Otto, though he only acted as the Emperor's page ostensibly, held some secret share in this correspondence, and was believed to have a watch-word by which he passed the sentinels of the palace in his secret visits. Nor did he always go alone. He was watched, and a spy appointed by the Chancellor of the Chamber of Wetzlar traced him to a spot which instigated all his employer's curiosity. The Chancellor was noted for his strict adherence to old principles, and his resistance to the new code of laws by which Joseph hoped to substitute long imprisonment for death as the punishment of capital crimes. He was not ill pleased to detect in his Sovereign some error which might render his legislation unpopular, by disgracing the source. He wrapped himself in his darkest apparel, and creeping under the shadow of a high wall, followed a man he believed to be Otto, and another person, from the private gate of the palace to the meanest suburb of Vienna. They ascended the remains of a terrace, knocked at a door hidden by shrubs, and were admitted by an unseen porter without light or words. But the Chancellor remarked, that these muffled persons had taken a loose stone from a niche beside the door, and spread some branches of the brambles over the vacant spot. He had courage and sagacity. He pushed his hand through this aperture, drew back a bolt, and saw the door open. Beyond his hopes, all within was perfectly dark and silent. Covering his person and half his face, he trod with suppressed breath, conscious that an echoing pavement was under his feet, till the light which he saw gleaming through a crevice before him, guided his steps to what seemed a staircase, so narrow that it scarcely admitted him. But he followed its windings, till he found himself in a balcony surrounded with the open tracery of ancient carved work, and suspended over a lighted room large enough to contain twenty people.

A man in a coarse gray cloak stood on a kind of rostrum, addressing six persons in a Latin oration, which strangely perplexed the curious Chancellor. It seemed as if he was persuading his disciples to choose what element they would wish to predominate in their natures, and to excite it by an outward application. There were glasses filled with earth and water, brasiers with hot coals, and small bags of earth, and bladders full of gas, which the professor gravely fastened on his pupils, protesting that they would be substitutes for meat and drink. Our Chancellor knew all the whims of Rosicrucian cabalists; he had heard some of the pretensions of more modern illuminati, but had never conceived the possibility of supporting his plump person by such simple means. He listened with profound attention; and, after some ceremonies which he could not understand, the orator left his rostrum, drew back a silk curtain, and discovered a sleeping woman veiled. When a few mysterious signals and mutterings had passed, the sleeper spoke, but in such strange, wild, and affecting strains of poetry, as to fix the audience in what appeared delighted attention. When her voice ceased, the cabalist dropped her gauze veil and the silken curtain over her, and resumed his place in the rostrum. "You have seen," he said, "the success of my science. Without any consciousness on her part, I have unlocked and unveiled her spirit, which speaks, as you have heard, in the language of poetry—that is, in the words inspired by such enchanting images as the soul enjoys when detached from the body. Your Majesty cannot doubt the truth of the experiment on a maiden of rank too high for imposture, of character too pure to be suspected of willing connivance. Therefore, I selected her as a worthy subject for this night's important purpose, and shall convey her back while in this profound sleep to her father's house, from whence, as we all know, she could not have been thus brought without the influence of my natural magic, by which I can either close or open the mind, animate or stupify the body."—The Chancellor listened, indeed, as if he, too, had been deadened by this magic, for he had beheld his only daughter thus made the spectacle and tool of a madman or a cheat! While he stood aghast, four of the audience withdrew, and the operator, with his two muffled pupils, remained together. "I have now," he added, "to show you the farthest extent of my science. The magnetic powers lodged in a diamond are such as to increase the brilliance of the gem when it approaches any animal or vegetable frame in which its own peculiar gas prevails. The ring on your Majesty's hand will exemplify this, if laid near the frame of this brasier." The Emperor deposited his ring as he was desired, on the edge of the charcoal furnace, which the cabalist pushed back into a receptacle probably prepared to confine the pestiferous air. But the Chancellor also saw, that, by an ingenious legerdemain, the imperial ring was dropped into the ashes, and a counterfeit jewel placed on the brasier's edge, when the crafty cabalist exposed it again to the Emperor. He and his companion praised the increased lustre and size of his diamond; and, having heard a few more mysterious descants on the chymical relation of the precious stone to the carbonic vapour, departed with his preceptor. Little as the Chancellor cared for the dreams of a sect only suspected to exist, and much as he had always despised the secret vigils of its novices, he was determined to bear away with him some token of his master's credulity and the illumine's craft, which might suffice to give him power over both, and revenge the outrage practised on his child. The hall of this mysterious academy was now vacant, and lighted only by the dying coals in the brasier. He fixed his feet in the fretted cornice of the balcony, and soon reaching the floor, possessed himself of the Emperor's ring, climbed again into his hiding-place, and waited a few instants to discover if any one seemed to return. The possibility of being locked up in this strange house of cabalism, and the uncertain fate of his daughter, made him eager to escape. He crept down the stairs which had led him to his discovery, and, more intent upon the future than the present, passed too hastily through the postern without remembering the loose stone he had left on the threshold. He stumbled, and had not time to hide his face, before two men started from behind the trees near him. "Ah, Sire!" said a well-known voice—"the Chancellor"—Joseph deigned no answer, and walked slowly away, followed by his page, till they disappeared among the windings of the suburb. In the morning the Chancellor was found assassinated among those windings.

There was a deep, but not sorrowful, sensation excited by his death. He had been the enemy of changes in the austere code of German law; his notions were arbitrary and unphilosophical; his judgments, on many public occasions, had been offensive to the people. His adversaries ascribed his fate to the powerful impulse of retaliation in some sufferer bold enough to espouse his own cause, and execute summary justice; or to the nobler spirit of general patriotism, seeking to rid the state of an obnoxious member. Both these suppositions were favoured by the new spirit which had begun its reign in morals and politics. The chamber of Wetzlar examined the affair with the slightness of men more ready to propitiate the philosophers of Germany than to provoke their late Chancellor's fate themselves. One or two of his friends endeavoured to interest the aulic council in this event, as a matter connected with intrigues of state, but the Sovereign's coldness repelled them. Joseph was in a dilemma very painful and dangerous to a prince of romantic feelings and high honour. He believed his page had sacrificed the Chancellor to a hasty zeal for his reputation, which must have sunk under the details an angry father and prejudiced politician might have given of the midnight scene. But he dismissed Otto from his court, showing by his silence that he suspected the crime he felt disposed to pardon, yet dared not defend. And many young philosophers, had they known the secret, would have been more apt to pity Otto for serving a timid and ungrateful master, than to blame him for an act which they would have thought sanctified by the motive. The Emperor died a few months after, expressing on his death-bed, to his few attendants, the little reason he had found to trust the friendship, the gratitude, or the honesty of men.

Whether any secret remembrance of Otto preyed on him, or whether he felt the suspicion of poison which many of his court afterwards avowed, will never now be ascertained; but it revived the subject of assassination in the public mind, and the advocates of *justice without law* imagined they saw a fit retribution for the unpunished death of the Chancellor. One cold February morning, an Austrian traveller, walking hastily from his inn about six o'clock, saw two men standing in a churchyard with a sack at their feet. The dimness of the hour, and the unfrequency of such visitors in such a place, made the traveller fix his eyes on them with an earnestness which, probably, induced them to separate; and the tallest, taking up the sack, walked hastily down the nearest street. The Austrian followed him at the same pace, till the bearer of the sack threw it down, turned into a dark lane, and vanished. Our traveller had some doubts whether he might safely take the forsaken prize, considering his own situation as a stranger without witnesses; but the house before which he stood was a noted silversmith's, and he knocked for admission. The master was roused, the traveller's story told, and the sack opened. It contained an immense quantity of shreds or fragments of silver, such as workmen make in completing their business. "Sir, (said the silversmith) these remnants are mine, as certain private marks inform me; and the discovery you have so honestly begun must be completed. Only three men in my employ can be suspected of this robbery. One is intrusted with the solid metal; the second delivers their portions to my artisans, and receives them back after their hours of labour; the third has the collected fragments in his custody. You shall take your station in a window opposite my house, with two officers of justice, and inform them when the man you recognise appears." Ignace, the traveller, agreed to this, and was conducted to his place with such feelings as must visit every humane and honest man who encounters such fearful hazard of another's safety. The workmen passed into their employer's house in succession, and Ignace, trembling and faltering, pointed out the youngest. He was the silversmith's favourite nephew, and his tears, when taxed with his offence, moved his uncle to lenity. He required him to name his accomplice, and the boy very unwillingly confessed his acquaintance with an Austrian Jew, whose place of abode was unknown to him. A Jew is easily pronounced a seducer and trafficker in guilt. Both the silversmith and the traveller joined, with no loss of time, in searching every resort of the proscribed race, and many unfortunate Israelities were rigorously examined; but the boy's tempter was not found, and Ignace returned to his own city to celebrate his adventure. But there were many in Vienna who knew how exactly the published description of the Austrian Jew agreed with the physiognomy and figure of the juggler who had beguiled the deceased Emperor of his ring, and mocked him by an exhibition of his female accomplice, the Chancellor's unworthy daughter.

The person who paid most attention to this history was one of the members of the judicial Chamber of Wetzlar, one of the few who had been unwilling to acquit Otto when charged with the Chancellor's assassination. He sent for Ignace, questioned him precisely, and determined to visit Vienna himself as a minister and discoverer of justice. It was not necessary or prudent to travel with his customary equipage. He went on horseback, with only one confidential servant, calling himself Lobenstein, and took lodgings in a mean part of the suburbs. Lobenstein began, as well as he could, to perform the part of a speculating alchymist. He bought old essays, inquired for teachers of the new philosophy, and was recommended to a professor far advanced in the most hidden departments. The student pretended great zeal and faith in animal magnetism, and in that still more mysterious art by which some moderns profess to entrance and convey the soul. He heard all the jargon of sympathies and spiritual communication, always manifesting perfect faith, and urging his teacher to exhibit some specimens. Several pieces of gold, and promises of more, induced the cabalist to promise him a full initiation into his Eleusinian mysteries. Lobenstein went at midnight to his house, which had a secret entrance, and many winding staircases of frequent use. The novice was ushered into a hall where five or six other students were assembled; and their oracle, mounting his rostrum, gave them his favourite discourse on the mysteries of nature, frightfully mingled with the fervid romances of Swedenborg, and the audacious schemes of modern chymistry. To finish its effect, a silk curtain and a veil of silver tissue were raised, to discover what had once been a form of perfect beauty, and was not yet quite faded. The magnetizing ceremony was performed, and the actress delivered a long rhapsody of prophetic and poetical phrases, with her eyes fixed, and her lips composed in admirable counterfeit of sleep. Lobenstein took care to be the last who left the room of lectures, leaning on his preceptor's arm. As they passed out of the private postern, a man muffled in a long cloak met and fixed his eyes upon them. "Ah! the Chancellor!" said the ca-

balist, and instantly retreated behind the door; but the officers of justice were prepared to rush upon him. They burst into the house, searched all its recesses, and even uprooted its pavements, but the magician and his accomplice were gone. No probable place in the city escaped their inquiry; and, after a fruitless disturbance, the magistrates and their agents seemed exhausted. But Lobenstein's stratagem had succeeded. By placing near the suspected door a police officer properly attired, and with a strong personal resemblance to the deceased Chancellor, he had surprised the cabalist into an exclamation which betrayed his knowledge of that unfortunate man. The officer thus singularly disguised, by a likeness to the Chancellor, had also a similar kind of shrewdness and penetration. He applied himself diligently to discover other avenues into this mysterious house, and came at length to inform Lobenstein that he had discovered one at a spot never suspected. "You must go," said he, "on horseback, but not on the horse you usually ride, nor in the same dress, along the road which leads to the summer palace. You will meet, near the large cluster of larches, a lady sitting on the bank and reading. It will not be possible for you to see her till the narrowness of the road has brought your horse's feet close to her's, because she will be very adroitly concealed by a curve and a few shrubs on the bank. She will be terribly alarmed, and either bruised by the horse's tread, or hurt in attempting to rise out of its way. You must go with her if she seems to expect it, and whatever you see or hear in the house she will carry you to, act as if you apprehended nothing, and, above all, as if you expected no one to join you there."

Lobenstein hardly knew whether to acquiesce in this expedient, or to doubt his informer's fidelity. However, his curiosity and courage prevailed, and he set forth on his knight errantry to discover and arrest his friend's assassin. All happened as the police officer predicted. A woman of very graceful appearance waylaid him as if accidentally; and he, assuming airs of credulous and romantic gallantry, attended her to her home. But he was sufficiently well versed in the geography of Vienna, to know that he had returned by a circuitous road to the suburb in which the necromancer's unholy house was lodged. He was surprised at the elegant simplicity of the supper-room, at the dignified manners of its mistress, and the propriety of all he saw. After detaining him half an hour by agreeable expressions of gratitude and hospitality, she introduced him to Count M——, her husband, as a partaker in the obligation his courteous attention had created. At this name, which he had often heard in fashionable and political circles, Lobenstein looked at the wearer with surprise. His inquisitive glance was no less earnestly returned, but the salutation was perfectly unconstrained and polite. Supper was superbly served, and another hour or two passed in literary conversation. Madame would not permit her guest to depart, and her husband seconded her offer of an abode for the night, with a grace which their disguised visitor would have been almost unable to refuse, even if his secret purpose had not required his stay. But when he closed the door of the bed-chamber assigned to him, though its hangings were of dove-coloured satin, and its carpet of flowered velvet, some terrible thoughts of robbery and assassination seized him, and were not dispersed by the entrance, not of his friend, the friendly police officer, but of the Count himself.

The Judge of the Chamber of Wetzlar heartily wished his zeal for justice had been less rash, and started up in his bed with ghastly eyes, but a desperate intention. "My good Lord," said the Count, smiling, "let us understand each other. I am quite aware of your honourable eagerness to unravel certain mysteries, which are known to none better than myself. You know my station in the Imperial Court, I have never been ignorant of yours, and I require no oath in addition to that which binds you as a member of a high judicial court, to fidelity in all things that concern the state. Expecting some adventure, I perceive you are still dressed in readiness. Follow me, and forgive me for concerting with your faithful police-officer and a lady's maid a little romantic incident to bring you to my house, without the formal invitation which your assumed name made impossible for me to hazard." The Judge, strangely affected and surprised, could only follow his guide in silence. The Count conducted him through a saloon furnished with rich sofas, paintings full of Guido and Titian's softest representations of beauty, and exquisite statues almost breathing in their loveliness, to a library or room of simpler and sterner character, filled entirely with columns of books. The Count led his companion round, and pointed to their titles, which announced every author of political or philosophical romance, from the days of Mahomet to those of Spinosa, Voltaire, and Hobbes. The next door opened into a most sumptuous banqueting room, lighted as if for a feast of princes; and a few steps beyond, the Count unlocked the door of what seemed a small boudoir, in which were several open caskets filled with ladies' trinkets, and two or three sets of gold and silver dressing plate, elegantly packed, as if ready for gifts. A long covered passage led the astonished Judge into a hall which he remembered to be the place of the midnight lectures given by the cabalist. And the Count completed his amazement by taking up the garment of the lecturer, which lay in a corner, and throwing it over himself. He stood silent, unable to express his confusion of ideas, and the Count laughed heartily. "My loyal and learned friend, you have seen the whole secret of that tremendous cabalism which is now an engine of state affairs. Did you expect to find this place really contrived for the invention of *aurum portabile* or *elixir vitæ*? No, my dear Lord: those who enter it, imagine that they shall be initiated into some powerful and unknown society; but the only secret power is that which their curiosity or vanity supplies. For vapourish Englishmen, who must have bugbears, we must have the wonders of the Gnostics, and the dreams of their own Lilly and Dr. Dee clothed in modern jargon. For Frenchmen, whose theatrical existence is governed by spectacles, who know no greater men than Vestris and Voltaire, we keep that library of useless books, into which we usher them with great mystery, as into the temple of the illuminati; and, by studying their ambition, discover their secrets. You expected, perhaps, to see iron wheels, phosphoric flames, and all the phantasmagoria of imposture; but we conjure up no demons, except those that follow the surfeit of our suppers, and need no surer machinery than those trinkets which you saw prepared as bribes for the vain women who imagine themselves initiated among a secret sect of omnipotent philosophers. My Lord, it was no reproach to the Chamber of Wetzlar, that they misjudged the fate of their Chancellor. How much eloquence was wasted to prove that he provoked his death, and that the assassin rather deserved fame than punishment! How little could those young philosophers, who believe all actions justified by their motive, judge either of the motive or the fact! The Chancellor was not murdered, nor did any one compass his death. He fell dead in apoplexy at the house of a friend to whom he went to communicate the scene in the alchymist's academy; and that friend, secretly purposing to ruin the Emperor's favourite Otto, placed the body with a sash twisted round its neck in such a place as to fix suspicion on him. The Austrian Jew, who amused the Emperor by his pretended alchymy, fell into the hands of our police, by offering himself to me as the agent of a society, devised only to detect such impostors by seeming their confederates. If ancient sages had, as it is pretended, the pyramids of Egypt to conceal their secret chambers, we politicians have the still broader pyramid of human folly to conceal ours."—*Stanley Tales.*

CHRISTMAS.

THE CURIOUS AND ANCIENT CEREMONY OF THE BOAR'S HEAD, AT CHRISTMAS.

At a time when fresh meats were seldom eaten, brawn was considered a great delicacy. It is well known that the boar's head soused was anciently the first dish on Christmas day, and was carried up to the principal table in the hall with great state and solemnity. Hollinshead says, that "in the year 1170, upon the day of the young prince's coronation, King Henry I. served his sonne at table as sewer, bringing up the boar's head, with trumpets before it, according to the manner." For this indispensible ceremony, as also for others of that season, there was a carol, which Wynkin de Worde has given us as it was sung in his time, with the title "A carol bringing in the boar's head:"

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemarye
I pray you all sing merrily.
Qui estis in convivio.
The boar's head I understande
Is the Chief service in this lande;
Looke wherever it be fonde.
Servite cum cantico.
Be gladde, lordes both more and lesse,
For this hath ordayned our stewarde,
To chere you all at this Christmasse,
The boar's head with mustarde.

This carol, says Mr. Wharton, is retained at Queen's College, Oxford, though with many innovations. There is, indeed, in the college, an old legend that a wild boar, which infested the neighbourhood of Oxford, was killed by a Taberder of this college, on Christmas day, as he was going to serve at church, and that he killed it by thrusting his Aristotle down the throat of the animal, protecting his arm in the rencounter with some part of his gown. This story, it is probable, may have contributed to the continuance of the ceremony of the boar's head at Queen's College longer than any where else; but the song has no allusion to it. That simply states that the boar's head is the "rarest dish in all the londe; and that it has been provided in honour of the king of bliss." There is, however, a song on this supposed feat of the Taberder, written by Dr. Harrington, of Bath, and printed in the *Oxford Sausage*, full of wit and humour, of which the following is a correct copy, as printed:

SONG,

IN HONOUR OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE BOAR'S HEAD, AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

I sing not of Roman or Grecian mad games,
The Phythian, Olympic, and such like hard names:
Your patience awhile with submission I beg,
I strive but to honour the feast of Cole Reg.
Derry down, down derry down.

No Thracian brawls at our rites e'er prevail,
We temper our mirth with plain, sober, mild ale:
The tricks of old Circe deter us from wine,
Though we honour a boar we won't make ourselves swine.

Great Milo was famous for slaying his ox,
Yet he proved but an ass in cleaving of blocks:
But we had a hero, for all things was fit,
Our motto displays both his valour and wit.

Stout Hercules laboured, and looked mighty big,
When he slew the half-starved Erymanthian pig:
But we can relate such a stratagem taken,
That the stoutest of boars could not save his own bacon.

So dreadful this bristle-back'd foe did appear,
You'd have sworn he had got the wrong pig by the ear:
But instead of avoiding the mouth of the beast,
He ramm'd in a volume and cried Græcum est.

In this gallant action, such fortitude shown is,
As proves him no coward or tender Adonis;
No armour but logic, by which you may find,
That logic's the bulwark of body and mind.

Ye squires that fear neither hills nor rough rocks,
And think you're full wise when you outwit a fox;
Enrich your poor brains and expose them no more,
Learn Greek and seek glory from hunting the boar.

Archdeacon Nares has pointed out a curious narration of Christmas revels in England, to be found in *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, published from an original manuscript in St. John's College, Oxford; and yet another is given in Gerard Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, p. 119. The dishes most in vogue were, formerly, for breakfast and supper, on Christmas Eve, a boar's head, stuck with rosemary, with an apple or an orange in the mouth, plum porridge, and minced pies.

Eating the latter was a test of orthodoxy, as the Puritans conceived it to be an abomination; they were originally made long, in imitation of the cratch, or manger, in which our Lord was laid.

The houses and churches were dressed with evergreens, and the former especially with mistletoe, a custom probably as old as the Druidical worship. Fosbrooke, in his *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*, p. 587, speaking of various local customs, mentioned that the servants of Hamburgh had a carp for supper on Christmas Eve; and Waldron, in his *Description of the Isle of Man*, p. 99, among many other curious particulars, relates that at this season parties sat up all night, went to church at twelve, and, after service, hunted and killed a wren, which they carried on a bier to church, and there buried with dirges and whimsical solemnity.

"Of Christmas Husbandry Fare" honest Tusser furnishes us with a genuine picture, which is interesting, as descriptive of the mode of living of our ancestors three centuries ago. The different viands enumerated are still known by the names which they bear in the text, if we except "shred pies," which appear to be mince pies, as they are now called. Butchers' meat, poultry, native fruits, and home-brewed, were then thought amply sufficient.

Good husband and housewife, now chyfly be glad,
Things handsome to have, as they ought to be had,
They both do provide, against Christmas do come,
To welcome good neighbour, good cheer to have some.

Good bread and good drink, a good fire in the hall,
Brawn, pudding, and souse, and good mustard withal.

Beef, mutton, and pork, shred pies of the best,
Pig, veal, goose, and capon, and turkey well drest,
Cheese, apples, and nuts, jolly carols to hear,
As then in the country is counted good cheer.

Time's Telegraph.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

THE AUSTRIAN ASSASSIN.

The wavering ambition, the enthusiasm, and the fanciful sensibility of the Emperor Joseph II. are not forgotten, and the favourites of his councils were often men whose recommendation was a tincture of similar peculiarities. There was one person, to whom, if German etiquette had been flexible, he would have given public entrance to his cabinet; but rigid prejudices and custom compelled him to be content with private patronage. Whence this man came is doubtful, though some remarkable instances of courage and fidelity which he had shown during Joseph's quarrel with his Belgian subjects, were supposed to have been his first passports to favour. If he was a native of Flanders, the acuteness of his eye, his sharp lean features, and slender person, were no evidences of his birth-place, and his accent was observed to have something Italian in it. Joseph meditated bold and singular changes in German jurisprudence, and was supposed to carry on a private correspondence with those literary men, who, if they did not absolutely change the tide of public opinion, availed themselves of it to rise on the surface. Otto, though he only acted as the Emperor's page ostensibly, held some secret share in this correspondence, and was believed to have a watch-word by which he passed the sentinels of the palace in his secret visits. Nor did he always go alone. He was watched, and a spy appointed by the Chancellor of the Chamber of Wetzlar traced him to a spot which instigated all his employer's curiosity. The Chancellor was noted for his strict adherence to old principles, and his resistance to the new code of laws by which Joseph hoped to substitute long imprisonment for death as the punishment of capital crimes. He was not ill pleased to detect in his Sovereign some error which might render his legislation unpopular, by disgracing the source. He wrapped himself in his darkest apparel, and creeping under the shadow of a high wall, followed a man he believed to be Otto, and another person, from the private gate of the palace to the meanest suburb of Vienna. They ascended the remains of a terrace, knocked at a door hidden by shrubs, and were admitted by an unseen porter without light or words. But the Chancellor remarked, that these muffled persons had taken a loose stone from a niche beside the door, and spread some branches of the brambles over the vacant spot. He had courage and sagacity. He pushed his hand through this aperture, drew back a bolt, and saw the door open. Beyond his hopes, all within was perfectly dark and silent. Covering his person and half his face, he trod with suppressed breath, conscious that an echoing pavement was under his feet, till the light which he saw gleaming through a crevice before him, guided his steps to what seemed a staircase, so narrow that it scarcely admitted him. But he followed its windings, till he found himself in a balcony surrounded with the open tracery of ancient carved work, and suspended over a lighted room large enough to contain twenty people.

A man in a coarse gray cloak stood on a kind of rostrum, addressing six persons in a Latin oration, which strangely perplexed the curious Chancellor. It seemed as if he was persuading his disciples to choose what element they would wish to predominate in their natures, and to excite it by an outward application. There were glasses filled with earth and water, brasiers with hot coals, and small bags of earth, and bladders full of gas, which the professor gravely fastened on his pupils, protesting that they would be substitutes for meat and drink. Our Chancellor knew all the whims of Rosicrucian cabalists; he had heard some of the pretensions of more modern illuminati, but had never conceived the possibility of supporting his plump person by such simple means. He listened with profound attention; and, after some ceremonies which he could not understand, the orator left his rostrum, drew back a silk curtain, and discovered a sleeping woman veiled. When a few mysterious signals and mutterings had passed, the sleeper spoke, but in such strange, wild, and affecting strains of poetry, as to fix the audience in what appeared delighted attention. When her voice ceased, the cabalist dropped her gauze veil and the silken curtain over her, and resumed his place in the rostrum. "You have seen," he said, "the success of my science. Without any consciousness on her part, I have unlocked and unveiled her spirit, which speaks, as you have heard, in the language of poetry—that is, in the words inspired by such enchanting images as the soul enjoys when detached from the body. Your Majesty cannot doubt the truth of the experiment on a maiden of rank too high for imposture, of character too pure to be suspected of willing connivance. Therefore, I selected her as a worthy subject for this night's important purpose, and shall convey her back while in this profound sleep to her father's house, from whence, as we all know, she could not have been thus brought without the influence of my natural magic, by which I can either close or open the mind, animate or stupify the body."—The Chancellor listened, indeed, as if he, too, had been deadened by this magic, for he had beheld his only daughter thus made the spectacle and tool of a madman or a cheat! While he stood aghast, four of the audience withdrew, and the operator, with his two muffled pupils, remained together. "I have now," he added, "to show you the farthest extent of my science, The magnetic powers lodged in a diamond are such as to increase the brilliance of the gem when it approaches any animal or vegetable frame in which its own peculiar gas prevails. The ring on your Majesty's hand will exemplify this, if laid near the frame of this brasier." The Emperor deposited his ring as he was desired, on the edge of the charcoal furnace, which the cabalist pushed back into a receptacle probably prepared to confine the pestiferous air. But the Chancellor also saw, that, by an ingenious leger-demain, the imperial ring was dropped into the ashes, and a counterfeit jewel placed on the brasier's edge, when the crafty cabalist exposed it again to the Emperor. He and his companion praised the increased lustre and size of his diamond; and, having heard a few more mysterious descants on the chymical relation of the precious stone to the carbonic vapour, departed with his preceptor. Little as the Chancellor cared for the dreams of a sect only suspected to exist, and much as he had always despised the secret vigils of its novices, he was determined to bear away with him some token of his master's credulity and the illumine's craft, which might suffice to give him power over both, and revenge the outrage practised on his child. The hall of this mysterious academy was now vacant, and lighted only by the dying coals in the brasier. He fixed his feet in the fretted cornice of the balcony, and soon reaching the floor, possessed himself of the Emperor's ring, climbed again into his hiding-place, and waited a few instants to discover if any one seemed to return. The possibility of being locked up in this strange house of cabalism, and the uncertain fate of his daughter, made him eager to escape. He crept down the stairs which had led him to his discovery, and, more intent upon the future than the present, passed too hastily through the postern without remembering the loose stone he had left on the threshold. He stumbled, and had not time to hide his face, before two men started from behind the trees near him. "Ah, Sire!" said a well-known voice—"the Chancellor"—Joseph deigned no answer, and walked slowly away, followed by his page, till they disappeared among the windings of the suburb. In the morning the Chancellor was found assassinated among those windings.

There was a deep, but not sorrowful, sensation excited by his death. He had been the enemy of changes in the austere code of German law; his notions were arbitrary and unphilosophical; his judgments, on many public occasions, had been offensive to the people. His adversaries ascribed his fate to the powerful impulse of retaliation in some sufferer bold enough to espouse his own cause, and execute summary justice; or to the nobler spirit of general patriotism, seeking to rid the state of an obnoxious member. Both these suppositions were favoured by the new spirit which had begun its reign in morals and politics. The chamber of Wetzlar examined the affair with the slightness of men more ready to propitiate the philosophers of Germany than to provoke their late Chancellor's fate themselves. One or two of his friends endeavoured to interest the aulic council in this event, as a matter connected with intrigues of state, but the Sovereign's coldness repelled them. Joseph was in a dilemma very painful and dangerous to a prince of romantic feelings and high honour. He believed his page had sacrificed the Chancellor to a hasty zeal for his reputation, which must have sunk under the details an angry father and prejudiced politician might have given of the midnight scene. But he dismissed Otto from his court, showing by his silence that he suspected the crime he felt disposed to pardon, yet dared not defend. And many young philosophers, had they known the secret, would have been more apt to pity Otto for serving a timid and ungrateful master, than to blame him for an act which they would have thought sanctified by the motive. The Emperor died a few months after, expressing on his death-bed, to his few attendants, the little reason he had found to trust the friendship, the gratitude, or the honesty of men.

Whether any secret remembrance of Otto preyed on him, or whether he felt the suspicion of poison which many of his court afterwards avowed, will never now be ascertained; but it revived the subject of assassination in the public mind, and the advocates of *justice without law* imagined they saw a fit retribution for the unpunished death of the Chancellor. One cold February morning, an Austrian traveller, walking hastily from his inn about six o'clock, saw two men standing in a churchyard with a sack at their feet. The dimness of the hour, and the unfrequency of such visitors in such a place, made the traveller fix his eyes on them with an earnestness which, probably, induced them to separate; and the tallest, taking up the sack, walked hastily down the nearest street. The Austrian followed him at the same pace, till the bearer of the sack threw it down, turned into a dark lane, and vanished. Our traveller had some doubts whether he might safely take the forsaken prize, considering his own situation as a stranger without witnesses; but the house before which he stood was a noted silversmith's, and he knocked for admission. The master was roused, the traveller's story told, and the sack opened. It contained an immense quantity of shreds or fragments of silver, such as workmen make in completing their business. "Sir, (said the silversmith) these remnants are mine, as certain private marks inform me; and the discovery you have so honestly begun must be completed. Only three men in my employ can be suspected of this robbery. One is intrusted with the solid metal; the second delivers their portions to my artisans, and receives them back after their hours of labour; the third has the collected fragments in his custody. You shall take your station in a window opposite my house, with two officers of justice, and inform them when the man you recognise appears." Ignace, the traveller, agreed to this, and was conducted to his place with such feelings as must visit every humane and honest man who encounters such fearful hazard of another's safety. The workmen passed into their employer's house in succession, and Ignace, trembling and faltering, pointed out the youngest. He was the silversmith's favourite nephew, and his tears, when taxed with his offence, moved his uncle to lenity. He required him to name his accomplice, and the boy very unwillingly confessed his acquaintance with an Austrian Jew, whose place of abode was unknown to him. A Jew is easily pronounced a seducer and trafficker in guilt. Both the silversmith and the traveller joined, with no loss of time, in searching every resort of the proscribed race, and many unfortunate Israelities were rigorously examined; but the boy's tempter was not found, and Ignace returned to his own city to celebrate his adventure. But there were many in Vienna who knew how exactly the published description of the Austrian Jew agreed with the physiognomy and figure of the juggler who had beguiled the deceased Emperor of his ring, and mocked him by an exhibition of his female accomplice, the Chancellor's unworthy daughter.

The person who paid most attention to this history was one of the members of the judicial Chamber of Wetzlar, one of the few who had been unwilling to acquit Otto when charged with the Chancellor's assassination. He sent for Ignace, questioned him precisely, and determined to visit Vienna himself as a minister and discoverer of justice. It was not necessary or prudent to travel with his customary equipage. He went on horseback, with only one confidential servant, calling himself Lobenstein, and took lodgings in a mean part of the suburbs. Lobenstein began, as well as he could, to perform the part of a speculating alchymist. He bought old essays, inquired for teachers of the new philosophy, and was recommended to a professor far advanced in the most hidden departments. The student pretended great zeal and faith in animal magnetism, and in that still more mysterious art by which some moderns profess to entrance and convey the soul. He heard all the jargon of sympathies and spiritual communication, always manifesting perfect faith, and urging his teacher to exhibit some specimens. Several pieces of gold, and promises of more, induced the cabalist to promise him a full initiation into his Eleusinian mysteries. Lobenstein went at midnight to his house, which had a secret entrance, and many winding staircases of frequent use. The novice was ushered into a hall where five or six other students were assembled; and their oracle, mounting his rostrum, gave them his favourite discourse on the mysteries of nature, frightfully mingled with the fervid romances of Swedenborg, and the audacious schemes of modern chymistry. To finish its effect, a silk curtain and a veil of silver tissue were raised, to discover what had once been a form of perfect beauty, and was not yet quite faded. The magnetizing ceremony was performed, and the actress delivered a long rhapsody of prophetic and poetical phrases, with her eyes fixed, and her lips composed in admirable counterfeit of sleep. Lobenstein took care to be the last who left the room of lectures, leaning on his preceptor's arm. As they passed out of the private postern, a man muffled in a long cloak met and fixed his eyes upon them. "Ah! the Chancellor!" said the ca-

balist, and instantly retreated behind the door; but the officers of justice were prepared to rush upon him. They burst into the house, searched all its recesses, and even uprooted its pavements, but the magician and his accomplice were gone. No probable place in the city escaped their inquiry; and, after a fruitless disturbance, the magistrates and their agents seemed exhausted. But Lobenstein's stratagem had succeeded. By placing near the suspected door a police officer properly attired, and with a strong personal resemblance to the deceased Chancellor, he had surprised the cabalist into an exclamation which betrayed his knowledge of that unfortunate man. The officer thus singularly disguised, by a likeness to the Chancellor, had also a similar kind of shrewdness and penetration. He applied himself diligently to discover other avenues into this mysterious house, and came at length to inform Lobenstein that he had discovered one at a spot never suspected. "You must go," said he, "on horseback, but not on the horse you usually ride, nor in the same dress, along the road which leads to the summer palace. You will meet, near the large cluster of larches, a lady sitting on the bank and reading. It will not be possible for you to see her till the narrowness of the road has brought your horse's feet close to her's, because she will be very adroitly concealed by a curve and a few shrubs on the bank. She will be terribly alarmed, and either bruised by the horse's tread, or hurt in attempting to rise out of its way. You must go with her if she seems to expect it, and whatever you see or hear in the house she will carry you to, act as if you apprehended nothing, and, above all, as if you expected no one to join you there."

Lobenstein hardly knew whether to acquiesce in this expedient, or to doubt his informer's fidelity. However, his curiosity and courage prevailed, and he set forth on his knight errantry to discover and arrest his friend's assassin. All happened as the police officer predicted. A woman of very graceful appearance waylaid him as if accidentally; and he, assuming airs of credulous and romantic gallantry, attended her to her home. But he was sufficiently well versed in the geography of Vienna, to know that he had returned by a circuitous road to the suburb in which the necromancer's unholy house was lodged. He was surprised at the elegant simplicity of the supper-room, at the dignified manners of its mistress, and the propriety of all he saw. After detaining him half an hour by agreeable expressions of gratitude and hospitality, she introduced him to Count M——, her husband, as a partaker in the obligation his courteous attention had created. At this name, which he had often heard in fashionable and political circles, Lobenstein looked at the wearer with surprise. His inquisitive glance was no less earnestly returned, but the salutation was perfectly unconstrained and polite. Supper was speedily served, and another hour or two passed in literary conversation. Madame would not permit her guest to depart, and her husband seconded her offer of an abode for the night, with a grace which their disguised visitor would have been almost unable to refuse, even if his secret purpose had not required his stay. But when he closed the door of the bed-chamber assigned to him, though its hangings were of dove-coloured satin, and its carpet of flowered velvet, some terrible thoughts of robbery and assassination seized him, and were not dispersed by the entrance, not of his friend, the friendly police officer, but of the Count himself.

The Judge of the Chamber of Wetzlar heartily wished his zeal for justice had been less rash, and started up in his bed with ghastly eyes, but a desperate intention. "My good Lord," said the Count, smiling, "let us understand each other. I am quite aware of your honourable eagerness to unravel certain mysteries, which are known to none better than myself. You know my station in the Imperial Court, I have never been ignorant of yours, and I require no oath in addition to that which binds you as a member of a high judicial court, to fidelity in all things that concern the state. Expecting some adventure, I perceive you are still dressed in readiness. Follow me, and forgive me for concerting with your faithful police-officer and a lady's maid a little romantic incident to bring you to my house, without the formal invitation which your assumed name made impossible for me to hazard." The Judge, strangely affected and surprised, could only follow his guide in silence. The Count conducted him through a saloon furnished with rich sofas, paintings full of Guido and Titian's softest representations of beauty, and exquisite statues almost breathing in their loveliness, to a library or room of simpler and sterner character, filled entirely with columns of books. The Count led his companion round, and pointed to their titles, which announced every author of political or philosophical romance, from the days of Mahomet to those of Spinosa, Voltaire, and Hobbes. The next door opened into a most sumptuous banqueting room, lighted as if for a feast of princes; and a few steps beyond, the Count unlocked the door of what seemed a small boudoir, in which were several open caskets filled with ladies' trinkets, and two or three sets of gold and silver dressing plate, elegantly packed, as if ready for gifts. A long covered passage led the astonished Judge into a hall which he remembered to be the place of the midnight lectures given by the cabalist. And the Count completed his amazement by taking up the garment of the lecturer, which lay in a corner, and throwing it over himself. He stood silent, unable to express his confusion of ideas, and the Count laughed heartily. "My loyal and learned friend, you have seen the whole secret of that tremendous cabalism which is now an engine of state affairs. Did you expect to find this place really contrived for the invention of *aurum portabile* or *elixir vitæ*? No, my dear Lord: those who enter it, imagine that they shall be initiated into some powerful and unknown society; but the only secret power is that which their curiosity or vanity supplies. For vapourish Englishmen, who must have bugbears, we must have the wonders of the Gnostics, and the dreams of their own Lilly and Dr. Dee clothed in modern jargon. For Frenchmen, whose theatrical existence is governed by spectacles, who know no greater men than Vestris and Voltaire, we keep that library of useless books, into which we usher them with great mystery, as into the temple of the illuminati; and, by studying their ambition, discover their secrets. You expected, perhaps, to see iron wheels, phosphoric flames, and all the phantasmagoria of imposture; but we conjure up no demons, except those that follow the surfeit of our suppers, and need no surer machinery than those trinkets which you saw prepared as bribes for the vain women who imagine themselves initiated among a secret sect of omnipotent philosophers. My Lord, it was no reproach to the Chamber of Wetzlar, that they misjudged the fate of their Chancellor. How much eloquence was wasted to prove that he provoked his death, and that the assassin rather deserved fame than punishment! How little could those young philosophers, who believe all actions justified by their motive, judge either of the motive or the fact! The Chancellor was not murdered, nor did any one compass his death. He fell dead in apoplexy at the house of a friend to whom he went to communicate the scene in the alchymist's academy; and that friend, secretly purposing to ruin the Emperor's favourite Otto, placed the body with a sash twisted round its neck in such a place as to fix suspicion on him. The Austrian Jew, who amused the Emperor by his pretended alchymy, fell into the hands of our police, by offering himself to me as the agent of a society, devised only to detect such impostors by seeming their confederates. If ancient sages had, as it is pretended, the pyramids of Egypt to conceal their secret chambers, we politicians have the still broader pyramid of human folly to conceal ours."—*Stanley Tales.*

CHRISTMAS.

THE CURIOUS AND ANCIENT CEREMONY OF THE BOAR'S HEAD, AT CHRISTMAS.

At a time when fresh meats were seldom eaten, brawn was considered a great delicacy. It is well known that the boar's head soused was anciently the first dish on Christmas day, and was carried up to the principal table in the hall with great state and solemnity. Hollinshead says, that "in the year 1170, upon the day of the young prince's coronation, King Henry I. served his sonne at table as sewer, bringing up the boar's head, with trumpets before it, according to the manner." For this indispensible ceremony, as also for others of that season, there was a carol, which Wynkin de Worde has given us as it was sung in his time, with the title "A carol bringing in the boar's head:"

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemarye
I pray you all sing merrily.
Qui estio in convivio.
The boar's head I understande
Is the Chief service in this lande:
Looke wherever it be fonde.
Servite cum cantico.
Be gladde, lordes both more and lesse,
For this hath ordayned our stewarde,
To chere you all at this Christmasse,
The boar's head with mustarde.

This carol, says Mr. Wharton, is retained at Queen's College, Oxford, though with many innovations. There is, indeed, in the college, an old legend that a wild boar, which infested the neighbourhood of Oxford, was killed by a Taberder of this college, on Christmas day, as he was going to serve at church, and that he killed it by thrusting his Aristotle down the throat of the animal, protecting his arm in the rencounter with some part of his gown. This story, it is probable, may have contributed to the continuance of the ceremony of the boar's head at Queen's College longer than any where else; but the song has no allusion to it. That simply states that the boar's head is the "rarest dish in all the londe; and that it has been provided in honour of the king of bliss." There is, however, a song on this supposed feat of the Taberder, written by Dr. Harrington, of Bath, and printed in the *Oxford Sausage*, full of wit and humour, of which the following is a correct copy, as printed:

SONG,

IN HONOUR OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE BOAR'S HEAD, AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

I sing not of Roman or Grecian mad games,
The Phythian, Olympic, and such like hard names;
Your patience awhile with submission I beg,
I strive but to honour the feast of Cole Reg.
Derry down, down derry down.

No Thracian brawls at our rites e'er prevail,
We temper our mirth with plain, sober, mild ale;
The tricks of old Circe deter us from wine,
Though we honour a boar we won't make ourselves swine.

Great Milo was famous for slaying his ox,
Yet he proved but an ass in cleaving of blocks;
But we had a hero, for all things was fit,
Our motto displays both his valour and wit.

Stout Hercules laboured, and looked mighty big,
When he slew the half-starved Erymanthian pig;
But we can relate such a stratagem taken,
That the stoutest of boars could not save his own bacon.

So dreadful this bristle-back'd foe did appear,
You'd have sworn he had got the wrong pig by the ear;
But instead of avoiding the mouth of the beast,
He ramm'd in a volume and cried Græcum est.

In this gallant action, such fortitude shown is,
As proves him no coward or tender Adonis;
No armour but logic, by which you may find,
That logic's the bulwark of body and mind.

Ye squires that fear neither hills nor rough rocks,
And think you're full wise when you outwit a fox;
Enrich your poor brains and expose them no more,
Learn Greek and seek glory from hunting the boar.

Archdeacon Nares has pointed out a curious narration of Christmas revels in England, to be found in *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, published from an original manuscript in St. John's College, Oxford; and yet another is given in Gerard Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, p. 119. The dishes most in vogue were, formerly, for breakfast and supper, on Christmas Eve, a boar's head, stuck with rosemary, with an apple or an orange in the mouth, plum porridge, and minced pies.

Eating the latter was a test of orthodoxy, as the Puritans conceived it to be an abomination; they were originally made long, in imitation of the cratch, or manger, in which our Lord was laid.

The houses and churches were dressed with evergreens, and the former especially with mistletoe, a custom probably as old as the Druidical worship. Fosbrooke, in his *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*, p. 587, speaking of various local customs, mentioned that the servants of Hamburgh had a carp for supper on Christmas Eve; and Waldron, in his *Description of the Isle of Man*, p. 99, among many other curious particulars, relates that at this season parties sat up all night, went to church at twelve, and, after service, hunted and killed a wren, which they carried on a bier to church, and there buried with dirges and whimsical solemnity.

"Of Christmas Husbandry Fare" honest Tusser furnishes us with a genuine picture, which is interesting, as descriptive of the mode of living of our ancestors three centuries ago. The different viands enumerated are still known by the names which they bear in the text, if we except "shred pies," which appear to be mince pies, as they are now called. Butchers' meat, poultry, native fruits, and home-brewed, were then thought amply sufficient.

Good husband and housewife, now chyfly be glad,
Things handsome to have, as they ought to be had,
They both do provide, against Christmas do come,
To welcome good neighbour, good cheer to have some.

Good bread and good drink, a good fire in the hall,
Brawn, pudding, and souse, and good mustard withal.

Beef, mutton, and pork, shred pies of the best,
Pig, veal, goose, and capon, and turkey well drest,
Cheese, apples, and nuts, jolly carols to hear,
As then in the country is counted good cheer.

Time's Telegraph.

Correspondence.

LECTURE ON ELECTRICITY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was much surprised on perusing the last num- of the *Kaleidoscope*, to perceive a letter signed *Check*, nplaining of a lecture that was delivered at the room the Scientific Society, Houghton-street. The transac- ns of a public institution should be open to general estigation, but the affairs of a private society ought not be discussed beyond the circle of its members. If eck is a member of the society, he must be personally quainted with the gentleman to whom he refers; if a anger, he must be indebted to a member for his in- duction to the room; and, in either case, could have nmunicated his sentiments to the lecturer by a more vate medium than the one it was his pleasure to select. With reference to the charge it contains, *Check* is in a y palpable error; I was present during the last course lectures on electricity, and can assure the gentleman t no such assertion fell from the lips of the lecturer. agination must, in this instance, have triumphed over ention, and if your correspondent be given to flights of cy, (which I believe to be the case,) I would advise him, en he feels inclined to bend his thoughts to the study hilosophy, to quit the sublime regions of fiction, and content to traverse the rugged, but certain path of de- nstrative facts.

Lady-street. ANTI-CHECK.

POLITICAL PROPHECY, IN 1764.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your insertion of the following prophecy will atly oblige, Yours, &c.

Liverpool, Nov. 13, 1826. A CONSTANT READER.

From the Supplement to the Universal Magazine of 1764.]

From Paris.

n searching lately the archives of a Parisian politician, died about fifteen years ago, I found the following er with this inscription:

"POLITICAL PROPHECY ON EUROPE.

'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, that the man of the th, who came from little, will wax exceeding great one hese days.

'The eagle he shall strip will lay the foundations of power.

'He will first join with the cock, to abate the fierceness the lion, the natural ally of the two-headed bird. He be mocked, commented upon, laughed at; but the hers will be soon on his side.

'His warriors will fight against armies of young eagles, will take the field to oppose his designs. His victo- shall be worth a great demesne to him, which will be him to keep him quiet.

'But, when he shall be thought to be lulled in the sleep eace, he will start up. His giants shall rush on again a torrent, and invade the neighbouring states; his es shall be as a stormy sea, resenting all obstruction. will say, for an excuse for his irruption, that it is to ent a plot against him; but there has been no other than what he has contrived himself.

'This second time he will join the lion, to lessen the 's power, who, in his turn, will join the bird with two s.

'Then Europe, affrighted, shall begin to fear. The mans, the Franks, the men of the frozen country, and ral little people of Germany shall league against him, he will beat them all.

'The cock, tired out with a ruinous war waged against lion, shall make peace with him; and the eagle, ready eat her wings, will ask quarter of the man of the north, will grant it, on condition that, by laying down his s, he shall keep what he has."

So far the political prophecy may be partly made, after things have happened; but here it begins again.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, that the man of the north, who is come from little, will not hold there. At the peace he will not disband his giants; on the contrary, he will exercise and form them the third time, for sieges and battles. He will make particular treaties, secure to himself allies, and stipulate for the number of auxiliaries they are to furnish him with. All being ready, he will spy out the moment of a general inaction, and will then open anew the sluices of his power. In this war his designs will be more vast, and his views more extensive. His project will be to seize upon Europe.

"The man of the north will pass a great river with an army of giants to attack the cock, whilst he leaves another behind to keep the eagle in awe. Then the Franks will lament that they had been the first instruments of his greatness. They will open their eyes; but it will be too late."

P. S. Perhaps some of your ingenious correspondents will be kind enough to give a solution of the above.

GRAVITATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Being in company with a few friends, a short time ago, the effects of the earth's attraction, or rather the attraction of bodies to the centre of gravity, became a subject of conversation. During the discussion, one gentleman inquired, if a passage were made directly through the centre of the globe, and a ball held at any great distance perpendicular to the aperture, on allowing it to fall, would it become fixed the instant it reached the centre, or would the velocity of its motion overcome the inclination to a state of rest, and occasion it to vibrate?

I should be obliged to any of your correspondents that would reply to this interesting question.—Yours, &c.

Liverpool. W. B.

JUVENILE THEATRICAL AMUSEMENT.

"*Laus debetur omnibus.*"

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—At this season of festivity and enjoyment, when every order of society indulge in some amusement, I beg to inform you what satisfaction I felt by attending at a juvenile performance in a respectable seminary at Woolton Grove, where a tragedy, and a laughable afterpiece, was performed by the teachers and pupils of that academy about a week ago. I can say with every degree of propriety that nothing could be done with more correctness or decorum. They not only displayed the talent, but even the theatrical grace and gestures necessary on such subjects, and, indeed, reflected much credit on their teachers, whose eloquence and pronunciation gave ample satisfaction to a numerous and respectable audience.—The insertion of this testimony of approbation will confer a favour on your obedient servant, SPECTATOR.

December 24, 1826.

The Housewife.

Lemon Mince Pies.—Squeeze a large lemon, boil the outside till tender enough to beat to a mass, add to it three large apples chopped, and 4oz. of suet, ½lb. of currants, and 4oz. of sugar; put the juice of a lemon, and candied fruits as for other pies. Make short crust, and fill the patty-pans as usual.

Cold, Coughs, and Hoarseness.—A quarter of a pound of linseed, two ounces of stick liquorice, and a quarter of a pound of raisins, or Turkey figs; put these into two quarts of cold soft water; simmer over a slow fire until it is reduced nearly half; then add a quarter of a pound of brown sugar candy (pounded) one table spoonful of old rum, and two table spoonfuls of lemon juice: drink a tea-cup-full going to bed, and take a little whenever the cough is troublesome. This recipe generally cures the worst of coughs *(if taken in time)* in two or three days—a week is almost infallible.—*Dr. Maline.*

THE LIVERPOOL MERCURY.

The following paragraph is copied from the *Mercury* of Friday last:—

ENLARGED SERIES OF THE MERCURY.—Pursuant to our recent announcements, we shall, with this day's publication, close the sixteenth volume of the *Mercury*, and on Friday next commence the enlarged series, which will be adapted, like the present, to the formation of annual volumes, but will begin and end with the year, and will be furnished, as usual, with complete indexes, such as have hitherto rendered our journal a lasting, and, we trust, useful book of reference. As we have before suggested, the alteration will afford an opportunity which may be seasonably taken by some of our readers, of commencing the plan of preserving the papers for binding up in volumes, as, in such a form, they constitute an important addition to the library.

In presenting to all our numerous friends the compliments of the season, we cannot refrain from expressing our gratitude for the patronage with which we have been so long favoured. We are proud to say that the public favour is, at this moment, still increasing upon us, and we certainly shall spare no pains to deserve it.

To our advertising friends, we may at once express our sincere acknowledgments, and state the gratifying fact, that the lowest number of papers we have published on any Friday in the present year was 2525, while the highest was 2933, forming an average circulation unparalleled in this town and neighbourhood, and only surpassed, we believe, by that of three other provincial journals in this kingdom.

☞ We may here state that the agents for the *Kaleidoscope* will attend to any orders for the *Mercury*.—*Edit. Kal.*

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To Correspondents.

GRAVITATION.—If *W. B.* will consult any elementary work on the subject of gravitation, he will find a solution to his query. The ball would oscillate, and not become stationary at once. Each oscillation, as in a pendulum, would be shorter than the former, until it came to rest in the centre.

THE AUSTRIAN ASSASSIN.—The correspondent who, some weeks since, recommended this story for insertion in the *Kaleidoscope*, will perceive that we have taken the hint this week.

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.—If our readers are in possession of the six volumes of the *Kaleidoscope*, they will be at no loss to furnish amusement to their young friends, as we have no hesitation in saying that those volumes contain the best collection of bagatelles ever published. Our correspondent *Henry D.* will find, amongst the number, that communicated by him in his favour of the 19th ult.

LECTURES ON POETRY.—The observations of *Presbicus*, upon Mr. Craik's lectures, will be found in a preceding page.

We have further to notice the communications of *Le Froid*, and *Juvenis*.

SPANISH LITERATURE.—The essay on this subject, by a friend of *J. J.*, is reserved for our next publication.

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